Week ending June 11 1955 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

Begins inside: The fascinating adventures of three girls in the Alaskan wilderness

BORN ON SNOWSHOES

by Evelyn Berglund Shore

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EDITORIAL

Unknown book

MR. J. F. WOLFENDEN, Vice-Chancellor of Reading University, who recently remarked that he had only once seen the Bible being read in a train—late one night on London's Bakerloo tube—points out a most curious paradox.

More Bibles are being distributed in Britain than ever before. Fewer people are reading them.

The figures are astonishing. More than two million Bibles are now being distributed in this country every year, plus as many as three million New Testaments, and single Gospels in unknown quantities.

YET, as Dr. Cyril Garbett, the Archbishop of York, has said, to many the Bible is an unknown book—"one of a multitude of books having to compete with the popular press, the cinema, wireless and television."

Mr. Wolfenden asks, "Are we ashamed of being caught reading the Bible, or shy, or afraid of being thought odd?"

MR. J. F. WOLFENDEN
"Are we shy of the Bible?"

Many who are anxious to see the Bible widely read once more think that the text itself must be simplified. Nowadays, there is little opposition among Christians to this sort of modernization.

Before the war there was a notable example in a selection from the Bible, paragraphed in modern style and "designed to be read as literature." Since then there have been two abridged versions, and five translations into modern English. The British and Foreign Bible Society, distributor in 150 years of more than 600 million Bibles, has published three Gospels in magazine format, and a complete Authorised Version with five hundred illustrations which will sell half a million copies by the end of this year.

THERE have been a Basic English version, several selections in pictorial-strip form, and St. Paul's Epistles new-translated as "Letters to the Younger Church"; the Gospels are soon to appear in that form. From the United States, and selling widely here, has come a great new translation of the whole Bible, the American Standard Revised; few parsons in this country would be without it.

In Britain, a joint committee of the Churches is working on another new version in modern English; the New Testament should be ready for printing in 1957.

None of these has aroused anger or dismay. Christians have welcomed efforts to make the Bible more widely read, and better understood, especially by children.

But, of course, the final responsibility falls on parents. It is up to them to introduce the Bible, in one of the simplified forms, to their own children. Many might find it a useful preliminary to read it themselves.

ON OTHER PAGES

Fiction

A ROOF FOR SAN PATRICIO — *by Tere Rios* — 11
HICKORY DICKORY DOCK (Part 3) — *by Agatha Christie* — 22
THE ULTRA-VIOLET SMELL — *by Laurence Kirk* — 30

Non-Fiction

BORN ON SNOWSHOES (Part 1) — *by Evelyn Berglund Shore* — 14
BRITAIN'S RIP-ROARING 'MAIDEN AUNT' — *by Antony Ferry* — 20
TWO WORDS FIGHT THE BATTLE OF THIRST — *by Keith Ellis* — 25
CAPTAIN HARDING'S AIRLIFT RACES THE CLOCK — *by John Harman* — 29
JOHNNY WARDLE, THE HAPPY HERETIC — *by Wilfred Greatorex* — 34

FREE SPEECH: 4, 6, 8. THIS WEEK'S COVER: 6. GUESS WHAT?: 45. IT'S THE CUSTOM: 51. CONSIDER YOUR VERDICT: 57

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Summer Blend
the most powerful
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THAT'S SHELL —THAT WAS!

THE STANDARD TEN *Price:* **£409** *(P.T. £171 10s. 10d.)*
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FREE SPEECH

Our sportsmen are too fond of excuses

TAKING it on the chin and making excuses have become the twin pillars of British sport since the war. It is time we acknowledged that our chances of winning in international events are as good as the other fellows', and that when we fail we have only ourselves to blame.

In the Olympic Games at Wembley our failure was due to lack of steaks; when our touring soccer teams were slaughtered the excuse was postwar weariness, with some bad refereeing thrown in.

British heavyweights are always unlucky losers. And it was a smaller ring, light gloves, and butting and fouling that apparently beat Don Cockell.

Our sportsmen once set an example to the world because they accepted referees' decisions, took the rules as they found them—and scorned excuses.—R. A. MORNING, Hull.

Noisy Toys

IN a catalogue from a large store I noticed the announcement of "an attachment, to fit any sized cycle, which will make a noise like a real motor cycle."

Motor cycles are handy and useful —but noisy. In my neighbourhood I

have noise to contend with every day of the week, morning and night. I hate to think what it will be like when the youngsters get hold of these new devices.

Something should be done to prevent manufacturers from exploiting a public nuisance.—C. M., Whitegate Road, Chadderton, Lancashire.

"In this realistic age children want perfection," says a large toy firm. "Jet planes have to sound like jets. But toys are not much noisier than they were."

Swing It

THE swing of a pendulum has no effect on the accuracy of a clock ("Free Speech," May 14). It is the length of the pendulum from the point of suspension that counts.

To prove this, take a long piece of string with a weight attached, and swing it in a six-inch arc, counting the number of swings in one minute. Repeat the operation with the weight swinging through 180 degrees. The number of swings is the same.—W. H. COULLS, Hayle, Cornwall.

Not Cricket

FRANK CHESTER'S decision in the episode of the substitute runner (JOHN BULL, May 14), cannot go unchallenged. There is no rule in cricket which lays down that a batsman must be padded on arrival at the wicket, nor is there any rule regarding the padding up of a substitute runner. Any protest to the unsporting runner must come from the fielding captain, who allowed the runner in the first place.—E. KENDALL, Great Horton, Bradford 7.

The fielding captain has every right to protest, but rule forty-six states that umpires are "the sole judges of fair and unfair play." Similarly, a player who took the field at Lords in grey flannels would soon be sent back, although there is no rule about dress.

Heraldic Art

ON a visit to Windsor the wonderful workmanship of the Garter banners in St. George's Chapel impressed me

At work on the King of Sweden's banner

greatly. Who are the artists who do this intricate work?—MRS. E. SMITH, Ilkley, Yorkshire.

Percy Collings of New Barnet, Hertfordshire, decorates the banners, crests and mantles of the Order of the Garter, and has embellished the Garter shields for thirty-five years. His latest banner has been made for the installation of King Gustav of Sweden as a Knight Companion of the Order, at Windsor on June 13. "The painting of the banners is done with sable brushes on both sides of the silk, using heraldic colours," says sixty-one year old Collings, who is sometimes assisted by his son Dennis. "Twenty-two carat gold leaf is also used. Great care must be taken, because an error cannot be rectified."

No Contest

LABOUR did not contest Cirencester where the member, a Tory, is Mr. W. S. Morrison, the Speaker of the House of Commons. Had he been a Labour man the Conservatives would have stood aloof.

Whichever party is in power, therefore, a large number of electors cannot voice their opinions.

The speaker's seat should be declared vacant, and a new M.P. elected.—P. BELL, Carlisle, Cumberland.

Expensive Fuel

AT a building site, where the men were having lunch, I saw them feed their fire with pieces of breeze blocks, used for inner walls, and with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

HARRY HOPMAN

Tough and single-minded, he leads his Australian tennis teams to victory — from the sidelines

by DON EVERITT

'TINGLING-FRESH'

-and you're toughening your gums too

Ice-fresh!

Tingling-fresh! Ice-fresh! SR means sparkling whiteness for your teeth . . . pure sweet breath. And for your gums, that tingling-freshness means even more . . . it's a tingle of health.

For SR does more

Yes, more than freshness. That tingle on your gums tells you that brushing with SR is doing them good. For the tingle comes from SR's Sodium Ricinoleate, a substance that has been proved beneficial to the gums. So brush with SR, and toughen them up to resist infection.

No wonder SR is the biggest-selling toothpaste of them all! **1/8 and 2/6**

Ice-fresh, tingling-fresh for teeth and gums

GR 306C — 1345

WIN THIS JAGUAR!

SHINE YOUR CAR WITH

BRIGHTEST, FASTEST, POLISH EVER—

DEEP GLOSS CARNU

JUDGE HOW LONG BENNY HILL TOOK TO SHINE THE JAGUAR

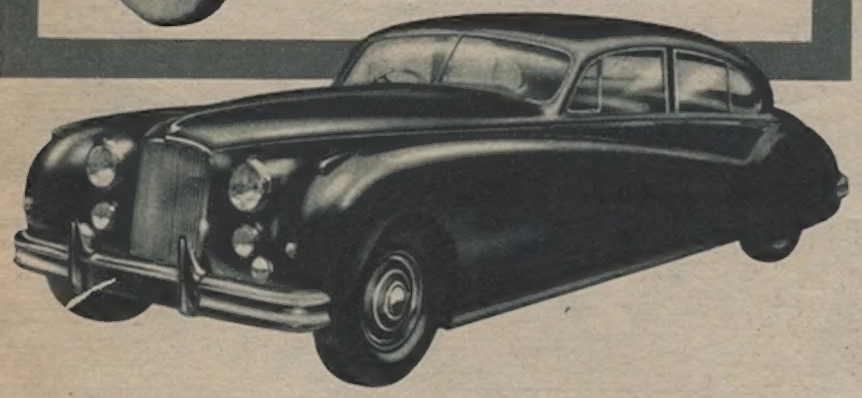
COMPLETE THE SENTENCE BELOW

2nd Prize £100 3rd Prize £50

Also up to 200 Accessory Vouchers, value £1, for entries of high merit.

Benny is a top-line entertainer but as a motorist he's strictly average. That's why we invited him to polish this Jaguar. To prove Deep Gloss Carnu gives *anyone* the brightest, fastest shine ever! He polished the Jaguar *and we timed him.*

BENNY HILL, starring in "Paris by Night" at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London.



NOW—HERE'S WHAT YOU DO TO WIN IT!

1. Get some Deep Gloss Carnu and an Entry Form from any garage, or accessory shop.
2. Shine *your* car with this easy, speedy polish—and time yourself. Don't forget the glass and chrome!
3. Using your own time as a guide, estimate how long Benny took with the Jaguar. This is a condition of entry.
4. Complete this sentence, adding not more than 15 words. "In my opinion, Deep Gloss Carnu gave Benny a wonderful shine in ..... mins. ..... secs. because ....."
5. Send us your completed Entry Form *plus* the fibre disc from inside the cap of your 2/6 Carnu tin. The address is: P.O. Box No. 221, 1 Dover St., London, W.1. Closing date, August 3.

FACTS TO HELP YOU WIN

DEEP GLOSS CARNU ...

shifts all grease, grime, dirt without hard rubbing ...

is safe for all car finishes ...

actually shines the deep-down colour back ...

gives the brightest, fastest, longest-lasting shine of all ...

polishes cellulose, glass, chrome —the lot!

CLEANS AS IT SHINES IN ONE EASY STEP!

JOHNSON'S DEEP GLOSS carnu

NOW IN NEW SIZE 2/6

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

plastic floor tiles. I thought timber was the only inflammable material put into houses today.—J. ROBINSON, Cregagh Street, Belfast.

"Timber is the only housing material likely to burn with a flame," says the London Building Centre. "Breeze blocks would disintegrate on a hot fire, and the tiles would probably melt."

Shattered Nerves

THE reference in "Two Against The Kremlin" (JOHN BULL, May 28), to the Club du Vieux Colombier, Paris, recalls a hectic night I spent there.

It is a jazz club—the cabaret consists mainly of singers—and I found

the effect of "hot" music, in a room with a low ceiling, was shattering.

At four or five in the morning, when the club turns out, festivities continue on the pavement.—L. O. M. Southampton.

Food Snatchers

WE found the children's zoo (JOHN BULL, May 14), rather unnerving.

When we entered it with two children, both aged four, we were surrounded by goats and llamas who tore a bag of food from my hands and devoured everything. My little girl became nervous, and my cousin's boy screamed with terror.

We were unable to see the caged animals with enjoyment, because of the greediness of the free ones.

Surely George Doubleday could give only smaller and gentler animals their freedom.—MRS. B. L. BARLOW, New Road, Sheerness, Kent.

"Very small children often scream," says Doubleday, "because it is a new experience for them to be surrounded by animals. But they are usually happy again in about five minutes. None of the animals is rough, but if you carry food they are sometimes a little over-eager."

Teaching Topics

THE alternative to judging pupils by examination ("Free Speech," May 14), is to judge them on their work during the term. But three boys at my school, top in the term rating because they copied from the best boy in each subject, finished twelfth at the best under examination.

It is argued that exams are not for the nervous and the self-conscious. But neither are the positions in life they may lead to.

The best way to learn examination technique is to answer old question papers.—D. C., Middleton, Lancs.

. . . Crank education advisers should be sacked, and "new method" teaching systems abolished. My eldest boy is not dull, but is no more able to read than when he first went to school, two years ago. His time is still filled with sub-kindergarten fairy stories, playing with bricks, and so on. Yet in the Congo boys learn to read when they are aged three or four. There is no compulsion; in fact the children sometimes run home for a "cookie" in lesson time.—J. B. WILMOT, Parkstone Avenue, Bristol 7.

Dog Danger

MOTORISTS who let their dogs crawl and flop over them while they are driving must think more of the pets than the safety of other road users.

I saw a Labrador dog draped over the back of a driving seat, head lolling out of the offside window, another driver with his dog lying across his chest, and a dog yapping excitedly while the woman owner drove one-handed, and tried to calm it with her other hand. Does the law allow this? — M. D. THOMAS, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset.

"There is no specific safety law dealing with dogs in cars," says the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. "But a motorist who had an accident, because of his uncontrolled dog, might be prosecuted for dangerous driving."

Weary Miles

BRITAIN is not the only country with peculiar measurements ("Free Speech," May 7). Last month my brother and I were hiking in Scandinavia, and asked the distance to the next town—and refreshments. We were told "two miles." Three hours later we arrived there, and learned that the Scandinavian mile equals about six and a quarter English miles, or ten kilometres.—JOHN FORREST, Harrogate, Yorkshire.

Chew On This

BETWEEN Bordon and Farnham I saw a cow kneeling, and reaching under electrified wire to chew some tasty grass. Before attacking another patch of grass the cow moved away with great care, and took a new kneeling position, with equal care, without once touching the wire. The remaining cows looked on without appearing to have learned the "know how."—R. MCKENZIE, Farnham, Surrey.

"Electrified wire is being used more

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

THIS WEEK'S COVER

IT was always a dashing young hussar in blue and gold who sent flutters through the hearts of demure young ladies. And fortunately for our national Servicemen, it was apparently the uniform and not the colour that was significant; khaki—first worn by troops in India, who camouflaged their white linen uniforms with curry powder—has the same effect. Whether he likes it or not, the office boy's one thin white stripe is his passport to an afternoon's glory. And artist Laurent, a war-time commando corporal, advises him to enjoy his brief moment of fame. "There's no such respect for a lance-jack back at camp," he says.

"Your house could look just as good... painted with Snowcem"

IT'S AMAZING what a difference clean, bright walls make to the appearance of the outside of a house. Walls that look dull or dirty can be made to look bright and inviting when painted with Snowcem.

Weatherproof too!

By providing a rock-hard, water repellent coating Snowcem acts as a weatherproof barrier. Builders and decorators throughout the world, in lands of extreme rain and sun, use Snowcem for the outside walls of private houses and public buildings, factories and offices, hospitals and schools. Farmers, too, find Snowcem the ideal treatment for the outside and inside of their buildings.

Inexpensive Decoration

7 lb. of Snowcem makes one gallon of paint and 56 lb. (costing 40/-) goes a long way towards painting the outside walls of an average house. Garages, cellars, outhouses, garden walls can all be made brighter and weatherproof with Snowcem. It is easily applied by brush or spray and will not peel, flake or rub off when applied according to directions.

There are seven colours from which to choose: Cream, Mid Cream, Buff, Pink, Pale Green, Silver Grey and White. Imagine how much better your house could look if painted with Snowcem. Meanwhile send for the free booklet described below.

Snowcem is manufactured by the Blue Circle Group of Companies—the largest cement manufacturing and distributing organization in the world. Their Research Department—one of the most up-to-date in the country—is continually developing new cement-based products.

★ British Cement is the cheapest in the World

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WATERPROOF CEMENT PAINT

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For free booklet and shade card, please send this coupon to Snowcem Service, 14 Tothill Street, London, S.W.1.

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A BLUE CIRCLE PRODUCT CMC

BY APPOINTMENT BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

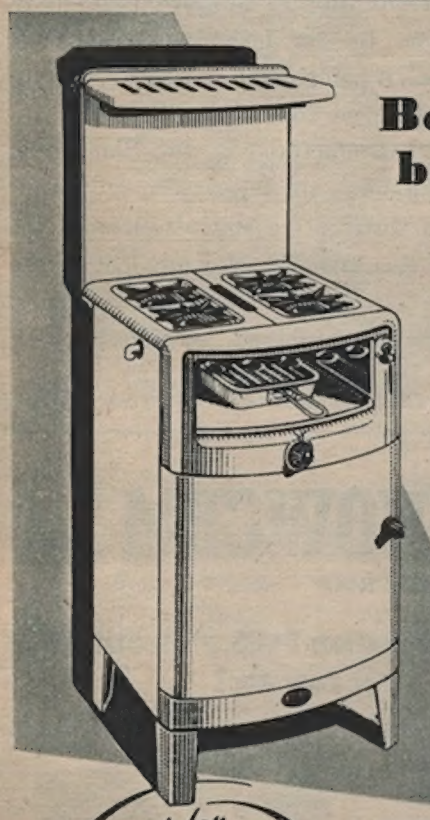
Huntley & Palmers

the first name you think of in

Biscuits

second to none in

CAKES



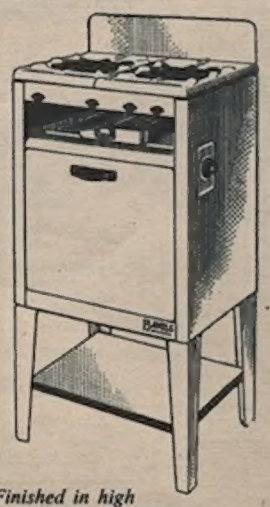
Better cooking better looking

With a "larger than usual oven," fast efficient burners and a capacious grilling space this delightful bow-fronted cooker gives really good service for a modest price. From your local gas showrooms on attractive hire purchase terms.

The

FLAVEL '68'

Britain's most popular priced cooker



and for the small kitchen or flat . . .

The IMP

This compact and efficient cooker is just the right size for a family up to four. Features include a drop oven door and two fast boiling burners. Finished in high quality cream vitreous enamel. Like the '68' this cooker is available on attractive h.p. terms—see it at your local showrooms.

* Both these cookers are available for Calor Gas.

FLAVELS of LEAMINGTON *Makers of fine cooking and heating appliances since* 1777

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

than ever," says the National Farmers' Union. "There is nothing unusual in cows kneeling. Some farm animals learn faster than others."

Extravagance

HOUSEWIVES are told to shop carefully, but when the grill pan sold with my modern gas cooker wore out I was told that I must also buy a new grill rack, although the rack itself is as good as new. I can't understand this waste of material and money.—MRS. E. CASS, Penrith, Cumberland.

Bright Idea

IN a litter campaign it's the ideas that count, and here is a bright one

I saw on the promenade at Hunstanton, in Norfolk.—A. GRIME, Bolton, Lancashire.

Flag Wavers

CHARITY flag sellers should take a tip from the smart girl I saw who planted herself firmly in front of men, forced them to stop, pinned flags on their lapels and said, "Thank you, sir." Not a single victim was ungallant enough not to pay up.—E. HARRIS, Longfield, Kent.

"The girl would not feel so smart if someone cared to take action against her," says a lawyer. "Charity sellers may stand hopefully, but should not force themselves on the public."

Beautiful Industry

I LIVE, with my husband and two children, in the most beautiful and tranquil setting—the highest point of a housing estate, overlooking a valley to the tree-skirted mountains beyond.

The planners have done their job so well that no stranger would guess that the valley contains one of the largest coal by-product plants in Britain, and a trading estate with 140 factories. They lie unobtrusively behind belts of trees, for no tree-felling was permitted when the houses and factories were built.

How different the Rhondda valleys would have looked if the same thought had been given to them!—MRS. E. PRITCHARD, Garth View, Nantgarw, Cardiff.

"One of the best ways to beautify industry is not to cut down big trees," says the Town and Country Planning Association. "At Welwyn Garden City hundreds of additional trees were planted."

Heavyweight Contest

MY African elephant friends are grossly insulted by your statement ("Free Speech," May 14) that training would make them as useful as their Indian cousins.

The African elephant is bigger, stronger and more intelligent than the pale pink little cissy of an Indian elephant. And it has the sense to work for itself, and not for man.

In Kenya, in 1948, elephants soon found weak spots in a water pipe line, and did some plumbing which saved them a walk to their water hole.

Indian elephants are like Peter Pan—they never grow up.—T. S., Hall Green, Birmingham.

. . . The African elephant, because of its unstable temperament and unsuitable physique of long back legs

and heavy weight of ivory, cannot pull heavy draught loads. These elephants have been trained for ploughing in Portuguese Africa, but only light work can be handled.—W. G., Coatbridge, Lanarkshire.

Here's How

THE cover picture by Ronald Lampitt (JOHN BULL, May 14) is a tonic. I would like to ask Lampitt how he works.—IVY MOUNTJOY, South View Road, London, N.8.

"Composition is the main headache," says Lampitt. "Sometimes I paint an actual place, but the May 14 cover shows a purely imaginary village. Often I nip into the country and do a few sketches. Usually I make a small pencil rough, and then a meticulous pencil drawing, starting off with the main features and building up around them. I paint almost always in watercolours, using fairly flat washes. Figures take longer than anything else."

Council School

APATHY at county council elections ("Free Speech," May 7) is bad enough, but many parish councils even have trouble in obtaining nominations.

Counties should follow the example of Derbyshire, which runs training courses for parish councillors and has greatly increased enthusiasm for local affairs.—M. GODFREY, Mallard Road, Bournemouth, Hants.

Derbyshire Parish Councillors' Association ran courses for councillors two years ago. "They proved extremely popular," says the association. This year three courses have been organized for council clerks.

No Remedy

WHAT'S wrong with a final rinse in alum solution to make clothes fireproof ("Free Speech," May 14)?—E. HIGGINS, North View, Bristol, 6.

"This old 'remedy' is of no commercial value," says a fire protection expert. "It is only partly effective, does not last, and was rejected after tests during the war."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

BEGINNING SOON IN JOHN BULL

AGAINST THE SUN

The thrilling story of Ronald Beamont, test pilot for Britain's secret faster-than-sound fighters

Give your cooking the 'Golden Touch'!

Make all these cakes and pastries in ONE Batch-Baking!

Here's how...

Try this Peach Shortcake. Doesn't it look mouth-watering? And it's so easy to make! While you're making and baking it, you'll find it equally simple to make the rest of this summer batch—crisp savoury Hay-cart Wheels and two kinds of cakes—Summer Swirly Cakes and Mushroom Cakes. You'll be proud of this batch with the 'Golden Touch'!

PEACH SHORTCAKE

6 oz. self-raising flour · 1 rounded teaspoonful baking powder · Pinch of salt · 2 oz. Cookeen · 1 egg · 2 tablespoonfuls milk · Sliced peaches · Whipped cream

Rub Cookeen into sieved flour, salt and baking powder. Mix with egg and milk to a soft dough. Divide in half. Roll out one half and place in a greased 7-inch sandwich tin. Brush surface with melted Cookeen. Roll out other half and fit on top. Bake according to chart. Finish by splitting pastry, filling and topping with sliced peaches and whipped cream.

SUMMER SWIRLY CAKES

3 oz. Cookeen · 3 oz. castor sugar · 2 eggs · 4 oz. self-raising flour · 1 level dessertspoonful cocoa

Cream Cookeen and sugar together. Beat in the eggs. Divide the mixture in half, fold 2 oz. flour into one half and the remainder of the flour with the cocoa into the other half. Place a teaspoonful of each mixture in each greased patty tin. Bake according to chart.

HAY-CART WHEELS

8 oz. plain or self-raising flour · 4 oz. Cookeen · Pinch of salt · Pinch of cayenne pepper · 2 heaped teaspoons grated Parmesan cheese · 1 yolk of egg · Approximately 2 tablespoonfuls cold water · Meat or yeast extract for spreading

Make cheese pastry stirring in cheese, egg and water to the rubbed in mixture. Roll out to a rectangle quarter-inch thick. Spread with extract and roll up like a swiss roll. Cut in slices. Bake according to chart.

MUSHROOM CAKES

6 oz. plain or self-raising flour · 3 oz. Cookeen · 2 teaspoonfuls sugar · 3 dessertspoonfuls cold water } for Cookeen Pastry

Pink glacé icing · A few glacé cherries · Jam and desiccated coconut

Line some patty tins with the pastry. Prick bottoms, and put half a teaspoon of jam in each. Dredge with desiccated coconut. Use scraps of pastry for stalks. Bake according to chart.

When cold coat tops of "mushrooms" with icing and decorate with cherries. Place on stalks.

BAKING CHART

Set oven at Regulo No. 6—400° F.

PEACH SHORTCAKE. 2ND SHELF POSITION FROM THE TOP. 20 TO 25 MINUTES.

"MUSHROOM" CAPS. 2ND SHELF POSITION FROM THE TOP. 10 TO 15 MINUTES.

SUMMER SWIRLY CAKES. 4TH SHELF POSITION FROM THE TOP. 20 TO 25 MINUTES.

HAY-CART WHEELS. BOTTOM SHELF POSITION. 20 TO 30 MINUTES.

"MUSHROOM" STALKS. BOTTOM SHELF POSITION. 30 TO 40 MINUTES.

Perfect golden pastry—
time . . . after time . . . after time

Cookeen gives you perfect, golden pastry—time, after time, after time. Whether you bake every week or nearly every day, your pastry and cakes will always be light and delicious if you use Cookeen!

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real fat-good and rich!

11d. per half pound

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the first and finest men's support underwear

SHORTS & SINGLETS ALL SIZES 6/6 PER GARMENT

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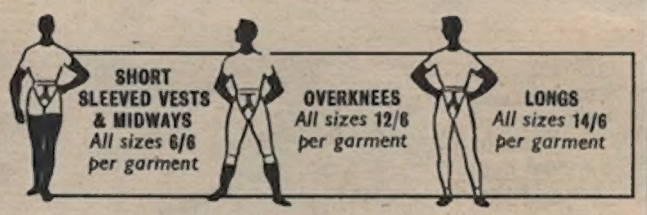

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A ROOF FOR SAN PATRICIO

by TERE RIOS

He combed the streets for red-haired men. They would help him to keep his promise to Maria—and San Patricio

IT IS DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN THE JIBAROS to someone who has never met them, for they are silent, lonely men, and their only wealth is within them. They have lived in the back hills of Puerto Rico for more than four hundred years and therefore have their own unwritten laws and customs apart from the rest of the island. They like to laugh, to fight; they will bet on anything, and they will keep their given word no matter what the cost.

Thus, when Carlos Medeira's wife presented him with his seventh son, Carlos was greatly pleased, for seventh sons are gifted with second sight, as everyone knows. In his joy after each new son, Carlos had always granted his wife, Maria, one wish. These had ranged from a new dress for the first, to agreeing to attend church with her for the sixth.

But a seventh son demanded an even greater sacrifice.

"Maria," Carlos said, "tell me what you want most in all the world and I will see that you have it."

"A roof," said Maria. "I wish a roof for our church of San Patricio."

There was no change of expression on Carlos's brown

Wandering around the city, Carlos realized he had lost his way

face, but he thought to himself how he would never understand this woman of his. For as long as he could remember there had been no roof on San Patricio. What did it matter if birds nested inside, if the congregation was doused with rain occasionally?

"You shall have a roof," Carlos replied. "For you and my seventh son."

He went first to Padre Juan, told him of the promise, and asked his help. The young padre shook his head sadly.

"We are so poor," he said. "There is no money for it." But, because he understood that a promise must be kept, he suggested that they see the bishop, and the following day they walked down from the high mountains to San Nicolas. They were ushered into the dim, cool office of the bishop.

"Your Grace," the padre said, "in 1889 a hurricane wrecked the church of San Patricio, a church which has glorified God since 1530."

He then explained Maria's wish and Carlos's promise.

"We need more schools and hospitals," the bishop said, wearily. "There is not enough money for that. I'm afraid San Patricio will have to wait. Perhaps in a few years. . . ."

So they left and started back for the hills. Carlos was thinking about the hurricane which had removed the roof and he said: "It was San Ciriaco. He was jealous of San Patricio."

"San Ciriaco did *not* take off the roof," Padre Juan said patiently. "It was the hurricane which was named after San Ciriaco because it occurred on his day." Carlos grinned. He had his own ideas about how the saints felt towards one another.

"I shall seek elsewhere for the roof," Carlos said after a while.

"We must pray to San Patricio," the padre said. "Look what he did for the Irish."

"Who are the Irish?"

"They are from Ireland," the priest replied, and told Carlos the story of Saint Patrick and of the devotion the Irish have for him.

"He is so busy with the Irish," said Carlos, "perhaps he has no time for us. But if we had a roof. . . ." His usually expressionless face wrinkled with a sudden thought. Surely if the Irish were so devoted to San Patricio, they would want his church to have a roof. "How far is Ireland?" he asked the padre.

"Many hundreds of miles across the sea. But there are Irish all over the world." He then told about the famines and the migrations. "There are many Irish in South America, Australia, New York . . . everywhere."

"New York?" said Carlos. It was the only name he recognized.

"Yes, there are many there. They have a most beautiful church for San Patricio."

"What do the Irish look like?" Carlos said.

"I have seen some with red hair," Padre Juan said, "but they have many different faces and statures."

Soon they left the level ground and started the climb upwards, silent now for the way was steep. They passed through the tobacco fields, then to the coffee line, the *altura*, where Carlos's village hugged the side of the mountain, a few frame houses clustered around the old stone church of San Patricio.

Carlos went to look at the church before going home. It looked all right to him. The strong, hand-hewn beams still stretched across the nave, the thick liana twisted in and out of the machicolated windows, with small vines twining gaily about the walls and upper parts of the altar.

Why, Carlos wondered, should a church shut out the sun and sky?—but he knelt and said a prayer to San Patricio. He asked for help in keeping his word.

Next, he went across the *plaza* to the bench in front of *La Sonrisa*, where the card players and rum drinkers gathered at night. He greeted the others briefly, then stood against the wall in the shadows until he saw a Jibaro named Luis whose brother had gone to New York.

"Luis," he said, "tell me of your brother in New York, how he got there."

"In a ship carrying rum and bananas."

"But that is expensive."

"Yes, he was lucky. His wife's brother has lived in New York for many years and sent them money. He is saving to send for me but I will go by the *avion* which leaves every day from the airport. But it is expensive—eighty dollars."

Carlos was thoughtful when he returned to his house where Maria and his seven sons awaited him. As he ate his meal of beans and tortilla, he kept thinking about the *avion* which he had seen many times but which he could not entirely believe carried people.

"Maria," he said, "I am going to New York."

"New York?"

"Yes. I am going to see the Irish about a roof for San Patricio." He told her what Padre Juan had said about the Irish.

"I wish you a pleasant trip," Maria said.

At the first sign of light the next morning, Carlos patted each of his seven sons on the head, slung his machete over his shoulder, said goodbye to Maria, and walked rapidly down the mountains to the city. Once there, he inquired the way to the airport, reaching it in mid-morning. He looked with awe at the aeroplanes and tried to imagine what it was like to fly to New York.

He had no idea what to do next. He had no plans. He knew he could never get the money for the plane trip, yet he was not disheartened. He would have found it hard to explain, but he felt that he had done all he could do.

Here he was, willing to do anything, go anywhere, to fulfil his promise. If San Patricio really wanted a roof for the church, it was time *he* did something to help. So Carlos leaned against one of the buildings and waited.

Carlos dozed, but about an hour later he came abruptly awake when he heard someone calling his name. A group of people with bags and suitcases were milling around in front of him and a stout, official-looking man in a white suit was shouting: "Carlos. Where is Carlos?"

"I am Carlos," Carlos said, stepping towards him.

"*You* are Carlos Rosas?"

"I am Carlos *Madeira*."

The fat man snorted and turned away. Carlos asked one of the people what was happening and the man explained that they were going to New York in a group. Relatives there had paid money to a society which helped Puerto Ricans to immigrate. Carlos was still pondering this when a small boy ran up with a message that Carlos Rosas had been injured in a bus accident and could not make the trip.

"It is unfortunate," someone said, "for his way is already paid."

"Yes," said the plump man irritably, "and since the tickets were bought at a discount, the airline will not refund the money."

"It is sad," Carlos said, and crossed himself for his evil thoughts, "but I wish to go to New York. I will take Señor Rosas's place."

"Are you willing to refund the society sixty dollars?"

"Yes," Carlos said earnestly, "I am willing, even though I do not——" He was pushed aside by a huge Americano with a broken nose who stood in front of the plump man and shouted:

"Come on, come on. We are late now." Carlos listened, his hand on his machete.

"There are some difficulties," the other stuttered.

"Tough!" said the Americano. "The other passengers are in the plane already." He herded the group towards the plane, ignoring the plump man's protests. Carlos clambered up with the rest. Another Americano made him toss his machete out, but Carlos didn't argue, nor did he say anything when he was squeezed down alongside another man on the bench-like seats which ran along the side of the plane.

The outer door had been slammed shut and he could see little. The motors roared into life and he shut his eyes, not even opening them when someone buckled him in, and the man next to him.

What happened next was confusing, for the plane bounced as the motors roared, then stopped bouncing, then started again, and all at once he had a sensation like floating in a hammock. The man next to him untied Carlos's safety belt and Carlos opened his eyes. He stared in amazement for the man was an Americano with grey

Uncle Carlos taught them to carve animals and

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

birds and faces in wood. And he could make noises like a burro and a train in the hills

eyes and—Carlos could hardly believe it—red hair. The other smiled and said in good Spanish:

"Your first trip?"

Carlos nodded.

"You'll get used to it."

"You have travelled by *avion* before?"

"Lots of times," the Americano replied.

"Have you ever been to Ireland?"

The Americano said, "Sure. I go there every year to buy linens." He explained that he was a dealer in fine linens and embroidery and had just been to the convents of San Nicolas to purchase their work.

"I am going to New York to get a roof for our church," Carlos said.

The Americano looked startled, which Carlos interpreted as interest and he told about Maria, his seven sons, and his promise.

The Americano asked where he was to get the money and Carlos told about the Irish and San Patricio, smiling slyly, for certainly it was not necessary to tell this red-headed one. Before he could say more, he was interrupted by the plump man who demanded his fare.

"I have no money," Carlos said, "but I promise to pay you back in New York." The plump man was angry but there was little he could do so he gave Carlos a card with the amount written on the back. Carlos put it in his pocket and then, feeling tired from all the excitement, he settled down on the floor and went to sleep.

When he awoke some hours later he was very hungry and took food offered him by some of the other passengers who had thoughtfully brought along baskets of chicken and beans and *tortillas*. For a long time he stared out of the tiny windows at the sea.

The red-haired one was reading a book when Carlos at last turned, so Carlos, not wanting to interrupt him, helped a woman with four children by taking the oldest boy on his lap. Later the boy went to sleep and Carlos, though he wanted to speak to the Americano, did not want to disturb the boy, so he too dozed off.

This time when he awoke, it was to find himself being strapped in again. The plane landed, the door opened. The red-haired Americano was among the first to leave, but as he passed Carlos he shook hands, wished him good luck, then impulsively handed him a card.

"If you have trouble," he said, "look me up." He slipped a five-dollar bill in Carlos's shirt pocket. "For the roof," he said, and was gone. Carlos looked at the card. It said:

A. Weintraub

Linens 14 W 32nd Street *Embroidery*

New York City.

Carlos suddenly realized it had grown colder, but it wasn't until he stepped outside that the freezing air hit him like a physical blow. Never had he imagined such cold: his teeth chattered and his skin seemed to shrink.

He ran after the others to a long, low shed. He asked someone which way New York was; the man waved an arm in the general direction and Carlos started off on foot. The wind cut through his thin shirt but he kept on, walking beside a broad, lighted highway with cars swooshing by. It was all confusing but he began to feel warmer and when he stumbled and fell to the ground a half-hour later, it felt so pleasant that he decided to rest awhile.

It was there two policemen found him a few minutes later. A motorist had reported that a drunk was wandering along the parkway. "He's not loaded," one cop said. "The guy's freezing to death."

At the police station they gave Carlos some coffee, then let him sit until a policeman came who could speak Spanish.

He talked with Carlos a while, then took him by car to the Casita Maria, a settlement house in Spanish Harlem where he was turned over to a young social worker who got him food and warm clothes and a bed. It was all very strange, too strange to think about, so he went to sleep.

The following morning he was taken before another social worker, Mrs. Ortiz, who said she would help him get a job if he could tell her what he could do.

"I can do the work of two men cutting cane," said Carlos, "though I lost my machete."

Mrs. Ortiz explained that there was no work of that sort in New York.

"It is all right," Carlos said. "I only came to see the Irish, anyway."

This opened up a conversation which left Mrs. Ortiz rather confused about what to do, so she went to her superior, Mrs. Ramirez. This woman was so busy, however, that she could not get to Carlos until late in the afternoon.

Carlos said he would be back, then went outside and asked the first person he met where he could find the magnificent cathedral of San Patricio, and thus, after asking a dozen or so people, he found himself on a Fifth Avenue bus.

Before long he was there, gaping up at the towering spires, the beautiful doors. He went inside. What a wonderful roof it had. He knelt and said a prayer of thanks to San Patricio.

He walked around, admiring everything, and when a priest walked by, Carlos hurried to him and loosed a torrent of Spanish. The priest smiled and shook his head, then took Carlos to what was evidently the house where the priest stayed, and found one who spoke Spanish. Carlos explained why he was there.

"It is most commendable of you to journey so far for such a purpose," the priest said, "but it will be necessary to write to San Nicolas to confirm your story."

"It will take long," Carlos said, "and it

Continued on page 41

Beginning the adventures of three girls who grew up in icy Alaska

Born on Snowshoes

by EVELYN BERGLUND SHORE

Our schoolroom was a frozen wasteland where we learned to hunt the moose and trap the wolves. I was doing a man's work when I was twelve—and my birthday present was a rifle

I WAS BORN IN A log cabin at American Creek in Alaska. American Creek rose in the White Hills behind the little settlement of Eagle, and there was much mining activity along it. Dad and his brother, Oscar Berglund, owned mining claims there, and Mother, in addition to her other chores, cooked for the dozen or so men of the camp. When I was born, on July 30, 1917, she and Dad had been in the north country for five years, hoping to strike gold and make a stake.

For five years my parents worked in American Creek. My sister Hazel was born there, then I, then my brother Charles. It was a typical mining camp. There was a mess hall, a bunkhouse, and a barn for the one horse that Dad owned. We lived in a room adjoining the mess hall. The horse, a jack-of-all-trades, was used to bring supplies from Eagle, as a packhorse on hunting-trips, and as a saddle-pony.

Dad did a little trapping along with his mining, but neither the trapping nor the mining was very successful, and we moved on to a little town called Nation when I was two. Trying to make a living, my parents built a fish wheel and put it in the Yukon to catch salmon to be dried and sold. As the autumn hunting and the fishing were over, Dad started trapping. By then, Uncle Oscar had left us and gone down the Yukon to Tanana. My younger sister, Elsie, was born on February 17.

Played Tag With Bear Cubs

One of my few memories of our stay at Nation is of waking one August morning to find that Mom and Dad had gone. Bare-footed and dressed only in a white nightgown, I started out from our cabin towards the river to find them. It was easier walking along the gravel bar than up among the tangled rose bushes on the bank, but at the end of the bar I came to a place where a grassy marsh lay between me and the timbered bank. An old mammy bear and three cubs were fishing in the water.

The only animals I knew anything about were dogs; that's what I thought these were. I tried to catch the cubs, which ran round me as if I had been a playmate. The old bear went on with her fishing and paid no attention. The cubs ran after me and I ran after them calling: "Come puppy, come puppy!" But I could never get close to them; and at last they ran to their mother, who stood up on her hind legs for a moment, looked me over, and led them into the woods. I called to them, but they would not come back.

Then I heard someone calling *me*, and there

Evelyn in hunting kit with her snowshoes. She and her sisters spent winters in an Arctic log cabin two months journey from the nearest town

Mom, Elsie, John Roberts, Hazel and Evelyn (right) at the home cabin. When they moved in, floods marooned the children in their bunks for four days

was my dad coming down the gravel bar. When I told him that my puppies were lost, he walked back with me to where I had been playing and looked at the ground. "We don't want those puppies!" he said.

I have been told that I put my arms round Dad's neck and said: "Aren't you glad I found you, Papa?"

Telling the story later, Dad said that he did not see the bears, but he believed what I told him because the bear cub tracks were on top of mine in many places. Dad was a professional tracker. He had learned the trade in Australia. He had tracked me right from the cabin, and he said that I had walked two miles.

We didn't stay in Nation long. Three years later we were on the move again, this time up the Sheenjik River. About ninety miles up-river, we stopped for a season of trapping. And the summer after that, we moved three miles farther up-river, and there on the Sheenjik Dad and Mom built the log cabin that was to be our home for the next five years.

That cabin on the Sheenjik was the place where we stayed longest while I was small, and I remember very clearly a lot of things that happened there. They were mixed things, good and bad, times when we were hard up or out of food or sick, times when we came close to getting in serious trouble with wild animals, times when it seemed that the river and the cabin and the country round us were the most exciting and wonderful places in the world.

Once we ran almost completely out of food; Dad had to go back to town for supplies in midwinter. He tried to shoot a moose so that we would have something to eat while he was gone, but he had arthritis and couldn't get around as well as he might have, and he had no luck. When he left, all we had in the cupboard was one cup of rice, so we had to rustle our food or not eat.

We rustled it by setting a lot of rabbit snares, and shooting grouse with the .22 rifle. When Dad got back after about two weeks, we still had that cup of rice. Mom had been keeping it in case there would come a day when we didn't get any birds or rabbits, but she hadn't told us children that. We all thought we were saving it for Dad's return.

Baby Was Born In Log Cabin

The next summer we didn't go to town at all. On the evening of July 19, Mom told us to go to bed and get to sleep as soon as we could, and in the morning she would let us all look at the new baby who was going to come that night. We did, and next morning ran over to her bed. The baby was a tiny little thing, not much larger than my sister's big doll. Mom told us that it was a little boy, and we were all pleased because now we were even, three boys and three girls. Mom stayed in bed all day. We wondered why, but she said she had to stay close to the new baby.

About three o'clock that afternoon, three-year-old Elsie began to cry and say that she wasn't well. When we found that her temperature was 102, we put her to bed. Next day I didn't feel well. I was cold, though it was fifty above freezing, and when I crawled into a feather sleeping-bag to get warm, I fell asleep. Some time later I was awakened by Dad saying: "What are you doing in that feather robe on a hot day like this? Your face is all red."

I said: "I was cold, and I'm still cold."

He took my temperature and sent me to bed.

Later that afternoon my eldest brother, George, followed me. Hazel and Charley bragged that they were too tough to get ill, but by the third day they were in bed, too. That made five of us, and Mom with a new baby. The baby was the only one who didn't get ill, for that matter, because Mom and Dad both came down. Mom tried to doctor us with castor oil, custards and rice water, but after a week we were all as sick as when we had gone to bed. That was when Mom told Dad to get into the canoe and go to town for a doctor.

Dad was a little better, though he wasn't well. The nearest doctor was in Fort Yukon, forty-three miles down the Sheenjik and Porcupine rivers and a couple of miles up the Yukon from the mouth of the Porcupine. Dad went for him the next day and came back with him nine days later. By that time we were all feeling better, and so he turned around and took the doctor back and was gone for another ten days.

We got into enough trouble to keep things lively, and though Dad's bark was worse than his bite, we got our share of punishment. We christened the cabin before it was even finished, in a way that hadn't been planned.

Late in September, when the floor was only about half laid, we moved in. On this day there was a cold wind blowing, and Mom told us to stay home and do the dishes while she and Dad went over and sawed lumber for the

Elsie (left) and Evelyn at the play tent where they pretended to be trappers, with a petrol tin toboggan and make-believe dogs. Their father nicknamed the tent the "swearing closet"

floor. George suggested a pillow fight. The house was getting cold from the open window, so we piled the stove full of wood. Hazel threw a pillow at me, missed, grabbed another, and the fight was on.

Sometime later Elsie, who was the baby then, started to cough. "What's burning?" George said. We turned and looked.

The ceiling was completely blotted out by thick, white smoke which poured out through the window and the open door. On the stove lay a pillow with a red fringe of sparks rising round it, and a column of smoke such as I have never seen since, going up from the feathers on the red-hot stove lid.

George put his hands to his head with a moan, grabbed the pillow by one corner, and ran for the door, leaving a trail of black, crisp, half-burned feathers across the floor. As soon as the pillow hit the ground outside, the cover and slip burst into flames.

Mom and Dad saw the smoke and flames and imagined the worst. When Dad arrived at a run a few moments later, we were all so busy trying to clean up the overturned chairs, boxes, pots and pans that we never heard a thing until he said, "What the hell's going on here?"

We jumped to attention and said as one, "Papa, we won't do it again!"

"I'll bet you won't," he said.

He made us pick up with our fingers every feather that George had spilled.

We had to invent most of our games and sports, or make the equipment for them. But I don't think anyone ever had more fun than we did, especially when winter closed in.

Dad made us a merry-go-round on a small lake near the house. Just before the ice formed

The young Berglunds near their Sheenjik home Hazel, with Elsie in the cart. Already they

he cut a long post about six inches in diameter, took it out and drove it into the lake bottom, as near the middle as he could. When the ice froze round it, the post was set solid. Then he drove a half-inch iron bar down in the centre of the post, leaving about five inches of iron sticking through the top; he took a spruce pole about thirty feet long and bored a hole through it about ten feet from the big end.

The iron bar went through this hole, and after that he made a little one-runner sled that he fastened to the long end of the spruce pole. One child rode on the sled while three or four others powered the merry-go-round from the short end of the pole. We put in a lot of work shovelling snow and sweeping the track for the merry-go-round, until the snow finally became too deep.

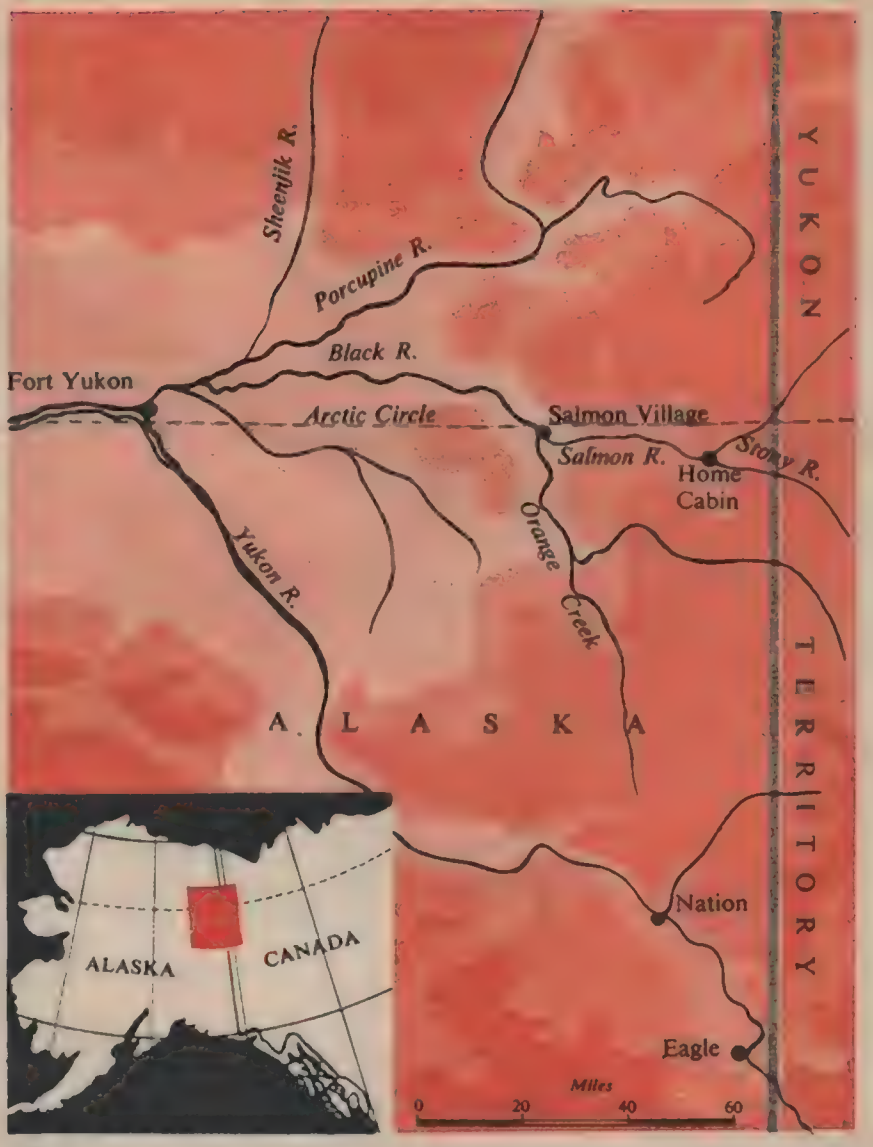
Sometimes we went down to the river where the wind had crusted the snow, and sawed out blocks with a handsaw sneaked from Dad's toolbox. With a small stick we would outline a dog, doll, dish or whatever we wanted to make, and then saw round the outline until the sculpture was completed. These toys were very breakable and had to be handled with the greatest care.

Christmas Eve In The Arctic

December was a big month for us, for Hazel's birthday was on the eighteenth, George's the twenty-second, and Charley's the twenty-third. Then came Christmas. I especially remember the Christmas when I was nine.

On Christmas Eve the sky was cloudy and a cold wind was blowing. Outside, the thermometer said twenty below freezing. Mom told us to go to bed and get a good night's sleep, because tomorrow would be Christmas, and when we asked if we were going to have a tree, even though we had no presents to open, she

before the family broke up. From the left: Charley, Evelyn, George and were good trappers—in one winter they snared three hundred rabbits



The land where the girls grew up, shown in relation to N.W. America (inset). To them, civilization meant Fort Yukon, with its population of 304

said she thought that Dad had a tree to put up, but now to go to bed.

Christmas morning came, dark and cloudy; not even a star peeped through the windows. I opened my eyes once, then closed them and cuddled down closer to my sister. What was there to get up for? It was cold and dreary and we wouldn't have anything nice or special for Christmas. I didn't even want to get up, half an hour later, when I heard Mom clattering the pans as she started to cook breakfast.

I heard her putting dishes on the table, and then say: "George, we're ready," and heard the striking of a match.

"Get up," she called. "Breakfast's ready."

We wriggled and groaned. "Hurry," she said. "Dress fast."

Then we got up and looked round: the cabin was filled with the red glow of candlelight and in the middle of the room stood the prettiest Christmas tree I had ever seen. The silver and gold stars, the crescents and the bells that we had been making from cardboard and from the tinfoil of tea packages and Dad's tobacco tins all through the autumn, were hanging on it, and gold tinsel and coloured paper chains were thrown over the branches.

Each long branch was tipped with a red, blue, green, or yellow candle holder with a little candle of another colour in it. The house was lighted only by the tiny candles. Nearer the trunk of the tree were hanging little pink paper baskets. We looked: raisins. There were little packages wrapped in red or green crêpe paper. Each contained a candied fig. At the foot of the tree lay six large packages, all long and looking very much alike, except that each had the name of one of us on it.

I don't know how I got into my clothes; I do know that I didn't want to eat my breakfast. When Mom told us we could open our packages, we just stood and looked until she put them in our arms: "Go ahead, open them."

Each package contained a big rag doll. Mine had a deep purple silk dress. It was so pretty that I've forgotten the dresses the other two girl dolls had on. The boys' dolls wore little shirts and overalls. Mom had made the six dolls and dressed them at night, after we were asleep. They were of canvas, stuffed with moose hair, their faces embroidered with coloured yarns, and each had yarn hair.

Almost from the time we could walk, all of us were trappers. On the Sheenjik we all ran trap and snare lines, and though they were like a game to us, they were not entirely play. On the rabbit snare lines that Mom helped us run, we caught over three hundred rabbits one winter, and that many rabbits will go a long way to providing a winter's meat supply.

Howling Wolves Scared Dogs

One day George and I went out with the dog team to look at some mink traps we had set about three miles from home. George was thirteen, I was nine. About two miles out, near the end of a long lake, the dogs started to run and we couldn't stop them. Then we heard a wolf howl, and we kept on hearing him howl as we got closer. Finally the dogs got scared and lay down, so that George had to run up to the leader and turn the team towards home. By that time he could hardly keep them from bolting back in the direction we had come from.

"Get in and hang on!" he yelled to me, and let the leader go. As the toboggan went past, he threw himself across it; I grabbed him and helped him in. The dogs were loping with their tails down and their ears flat on their necks. When we looked back to see what they were running from, we saw four big grey wolves, one sniffing our trail where we had turned back, the others coming up towards him.

That was the way our childhood went on the Sheenjik until the summer of 1927, a summer I will never forget.

A few weeks after we brought our furs out to Fort Yukon, Dad went into the hospital for treatment for his arthritis. Mom worked, doing housework for the neighbours and taking in washing to do at home. Because we couldn't afford to buy firewood, we children gathered wood from the forest at the back of the town.

About three o'clock in the afternoon on June 14, Dad came home from the hospital. The treatment hadn't done him any good, and we couldn't afford to keep it up. That evening Hazel and I were doing the dishes and George and Charley were playing by the river.

A half hour after we had finished the dishes, Mom said, "Call the boys in, Evelyn."

I called and called, but got no answer. "Well, then," Mom said, "go down and tell them to come straight home."

Down on the river bank I could find no sign of them. Along the water-front clear to the steamboat landing in front of the Northern Commercial store I went calling. Then I came home by the road through town, asking everyone I met if they had seen the boys. No one had.

When I got home and told Mom, she started out to find them herself.

She had not found them by morning. The whole town, turning out to help, had not found them after ten days had passed. On that day a hard thunderstorm came up, and all night the lightning flashed and thunder rolled. At midnight an old Indian woman came to the door and told us that Charley's body had been found in the Yukon River.

They found George a little later, and they had a double funeral. Mother would not let us

Mom (left), John, Elsie, Evelyn and Pete camping on the way up to the home cabin. In the evenings they fought off mosquitoes with a ring of bonfires

go. Dad, almost helpless, was then at the hot springs at Circle. She left us to take care of the house and she went to the funeral alone.

That autumn we did not go back to the Sheenjik, for Dad was too crippled to do anything. Mom took in washing and did odd jobs around town, and we got a little help from the Red Cross and managed to get through the winter. We went to school—the first time for Elsie and me, the last time for any of us. I remember that winter for the hard times, and the school, and the plane that brought the first air mail from Fairbanks to Fort Yukon. When it landed on the ice of the Yukon River in front of our house, it seemed to me that it came from another world.

Trapper With A Big Heart

Everybody liked John Roberts, mainly because he was always ready to help out anyone in trouble. He was a little, stooped man of sixty, one shoulder crooked from a logging accident years before, his face and head bushy with red hair and whiskers. He had a trapline on the Salmon Fork of Black River, 280 miles by water, 125 miles by air from Fort Yukon. He had a good trapline, a good outfit, a big heart.

When he got to know us and saw how crippled Dad was with arthritis, and heard how we had to sell our trapline on the Sheenjik for two hundred dollars [then worth £40] to get us through the winter, he invited us to go out that year with him. Then he loaned Dad a thousand dollars to buy a winter's food supply, and he bought lumber for a scow [a flat-bottomed boat] and helped Dad to build it.

Loading took us all one day. We had to put cases of canned goods and sacks of flour on the floor of the boat, and sugar and paper cartons and perishables on top, so that nothing would be damaged if the scow sprang a bad leak. Flour is resistant to water so long as it isn't moved about. If a wet sack is lifted out carefully and allowed to dry, the wet flour forms a crust and protects the inside.

Pete Nelson and Bill O'Brien, two other trappers, were going with us that following summer. We were five boats in all, with nine people and a good many dogs. Bill's outfit was loaded in the front of our scow, behind Pete's. John's poling boat was loaded with dry fish for dog food, and seven dogs. Bill's poling boat held his camp outfit and four dogs. Pete had no dogs, but his poling boat was full of his camp equipment. That left the power boat for camp outfit, Mom and us kids.

We left Fort Yukon on July 1. A week out and 160 miles up Black River, we came to Pete Nelson's cabin and stopped to unload his outfit and uncouple his boat. Then we went on up the Salmon River with John and Bill O'Brien and the four boats.

One day we came to a shallow riffle where the scow slammed against a buried log just below the waterline, and was holed. John and Bill stuffed the hole up with gunny sacks, clothes and a light blanket and pumped the water out. The rest of the day we spent sorting things and spreading them on the gravel bar to dry.

About half our outfit was wet. The bar was covered with our winter food supply, and every willow was hung with clothing. What was worse, my baby brother's coloured doll had melted inside a trunkful of clothing. We had to wash everything that was in the trunk, and the doll was nothing but a smear.

Eventually the water rose, and we passed the riffle and went on until John said we were only twenty miles below his home cabin. There we met another riffle with water too low to pass, and while we sat there on the bar waiting for a rise, we got initiated into what our new home would be like.

For one thing, mosquitoes. We couldn't go into the brush for firewood without being met by millions of them, but the only thing we could do about the mosquitoes on the bar was to build smudge fires, and for those we had to get wood. John said we had to build smudges for the dogs, too, or the mosquitoes would drive them crazy.

They were tied to the willows, and by now they were all digging and rolling their heads in the damp sand. After a while we had gathered enough wood to build six big bonfires round the dogs, and the woods were filled with smoke.

For two weeks we camped on the bar and fought mosquitoes and waited for higher water. My baby brother was ill, apparently with some infection in his kidneys, and he was still ill when we got rain and saw the water starting to rise and hurried to pack up for a try at the riffle. He didn't like the bar or the mosquitoes and was very happy to be on the way again.

Two hours after we started, he was dead. We buried him in a gravel bank that was covered with small green spruce trees, the ground white with caribou moss and spotted with green cranberry bushes loaded with red berries. These were low-bush cranberries, very short and flat on the ground. They cuddled down in the white moss as if it were warm and cosy there.

So the first thing we made at our new home was a grave. Then we went to our task of unloading the boats and putting everything in a cache. While the water was still high, John took Bill O'Brien twelve miles up river to his cabin. As soon as he returned, he and Dad started building another room on to John's one-room cabin.

The weather that autumn was cold and rainy. Before the cabin was finished, the water began to rise, and it kept on rising until in three days it was over the banks, and a foot deep in the cabin. We kids stayed marooned in the bunks while Mom, Dad and John paddled round in hip-boots doing the daily chores.

For four days we had our meals served to us in our bunks. When the river went down, we found the scow high and dry on the bank.

Children On A Moose Hunt

Time was going fast, and there was much to be done to get ready for the winter. By September 1 the cabin was finished, and on that first day of the hunting season Dad killed a moose. We were all very busy picking cranberries and putting them down for the winter, but we needed more meat—at least two more big moose and some caribou if possible. Dad was too crippled to hunt much. That meant that John had to do it, and Hazel and I, aged twelve and eleven, went along to help John to skin and cut up the meat and pack it.

On our third and last hunting trip of the season, Hazel said: "If we see a moose, can I shoot him?"

"Sure," John said.

Hazel and I were pulling the towrope while John poled and steered in the boat. We saw

no game until about noon of the third day, when Hazel and I spotted a cow moose in the willows on a bar across the river. Just then a big bull walked down the bar, screened behind the willows. We stopped and I started coiling in the line while Hazel ran back to the boat for her rifle.

"Go on," John called. "That's a cow. We don't want her."

"There's a bull there, too," I said.

The moose raised their heads and looked at us. The bull shook himself, but kept on coming towards the cow, feeding on the red willows. Finally, John saw the bull and swung the boat ashore so that Hazel could get her rifle. "Right behind the shoulder," he said.

Blazed Away At Her Quarry

Hazel started shooting. She must have emptied the magazine in her excitement, but when the gun was empty the moose was down. "I got him!" she yelled. "I got him, I got him!"

That night we camped by the moose, and next morning when we looked out of the tent the ground was white with two inches of snow.

John said it was tracking weather, but we didn't want to get caught in the freeze-up, and since Hazel had got her moose we had better make for home while we could.

It was terribly cold sitting cramped in the boat with the camp stuff and with the moose head and the big horns on a box at the bow. We had to take turns at rowing to keep from freezing solid. As we came near home, Hazel said: "Gosh, we seem to be going awful slow."

We were all shivering and chattering, but every time Hazel looked at the moose head sitting there in front of her, she smiled.

At last we saw the smoke rolling up from the cabin stovepipe, a cheery sight. We landed so quietly that not even the dogs heard us.

Outside the door we stopped and sniffed the smell of boiling meat. Then we burst open the door and there were Mom, Dad and Elsie sorting onions to put the best in the cellar for the winter. The warmth of the cabin on our cold faces and hands made us tingle and shiver.

"Mom!" Hazel said. "I killed a moose!"

Hard Work And Doll Games

That was the real beginning of winter for us, the first of the thirteen winters we were to spend in the cabin on the Salmon River. It was also the first experience we had with the real work and hardships of trapping. We still played like kids, but some of the time we had to work like grown-ups. From that winter, I remember something about dolls and doll games, and quite a lot about moose.

We had a seven foot by seven foot tent for a playhouse in the yard of the cabin, and in it we put a small stove made of a petrol tin, a spruce bough bed, a table made of poles, and some camp dishes that Mom gave us. Sometimes we fried meat and boiled tea, and we had pieces of moosehide tied to trees near the tent to represent our dogs.

Each piece of moosehide had a name. We hitched them to a petrol tin for a toboggan, and dragged them after us for a quarter of a mile or so down the trail, while we set traps for squirrels. We told each other about wild experiences we had with moose, bears and wolves on our make-believe traplines.

Each of us had a boy's name and used it entirely in these games. Hazel was Bob, Elsie was Jim, and I was Tom. We called the tent the Roadhouse, and paid for the meals and lodging we took there with paper money we made out of cardboard. If one of us got mad at the others when we were not playing, she would go over to the tent and light a fire and stay there till she got over it. Dad nicknamed the tent the "swearing closet."

One day when we were playing trappers, I was Jim's wife. My two doll babies were in

Continued on page 36

Elsie with Fritz. Each girl had her own dog team to haul the toboggans in winter. Their biggest problem was to prevent fights. When rival teams were together, a scrap might start at any moment

Britain's rip-roaring 'maiden aunt'

by ANTONY FERRY

Bounding energy and several chins are her trademarks. She's a flamboyant star who revels in playing the fairy godmother

Miss Rutherford pays a visit to the Botanical Gardens at Oxford. She nearly always wears a cloak because "it suits my billowing personality"

A PARTY OF Norwegian hikers, climbing the mountains at Flån, near Bergen, in the spring of last year, were startled when a piercing animal call shattered the silence. As it echoed desolately into the valleys, the guide turned to assure them that it was only the mating call of a mountain bear. The animal was harmless, he said, but the party followed him warily until they came to a rocky ledge. Then the guide stopped, red-faced, and the hikers burst into laughter.

Standing high above them, with one foot planted on a jutting rock and her cloak billowing in the wind, was Margaret Rutherford.

She was on a poetry-reading tour of Norway. "I only went for a 'stamper' up the mountain to test the acoustics," she said later.

The sight of this sixty-three year old English actress brimming over with pomp, circumstance and girlish energy might have come from any one of a score of her films. For thirty years her forceful features and several chins have been making people laugh.

Behaves Larger Than Life

Cycling briskly towards the cameras on a working-day, or tearing away to an engagement after what she calls "a quick splasher" in Highgate Ponds, in London, she always seems to be a dowager duchess at the mercy of her own energy. Friends and critics watching her larger-than-life behaviour both on and off the screen have compared her to a voluble pythoness, a battle-axe, a blithe dragonfly that never comes to rest. "She is," said one perplexed critic, "a kind of bicycle-riding composite of everybody's maiden aunt."

To dampen what her husband calls "her thoroughly volatile nature," she dons a cloak each morning and "stampers" across Hampstead Heath—she is known as its principal denizen—sometimes covering as many as twelve miles. If the weather is murky and she cannot rouse a neighbour for a plunge in Highgate Ponds, she is likely to roar on to the stage when the curtain goes up that evening and make the five hundredth performance of her current rôle seem like a first night.

Her doctor told her recently: "You've got the blood-pressure of a girl of fourteen, Margaret. You can't possibly grow old."

When she played Mme Desmortes in an Anouilh comedy, *Ring Round The Moon*, a despondent stage manager threatened to tie her into her bathchair because in her zest for delivering lines she often forgot that she was playing an invalid.

A Search Party Went Out

When she arrived in Norway last year she was welcomed by a committee of women who dressed themselves like Paris mannequins in order to impress her. At the airfield, Miss Rutherford gazed awe-struck at the scenery. "Is there a road up those mountains?" she asked.

A search party went out several hours later. Miss Rutherford returned at nightfall, fifteen minutes before her scheduled première, with the committee trailing behind, bedraggled and heel-less.

Malcolm Troup, a concert pianist of twenty-four, whose career has taken a sudden turn since Miss Rutherford became his "formidable fairy godmother," says he doubts if Norwegians will ever forget her. "When she read poetry in centrally heated halls down the length of the country, the phrase *'Gjennom trekk!'* (draught!) was uttered in protest everywhere she went.

"Her hosts went around closing windows after her, but never with quite the same persistence

In *Ring Round The Moon*, the stage manager threatened to tie Margaret Rutherford to her bathchair: she played an invalid too energetically

For a scene in *Mad About Men*, Miss Rutherford plunged into a ten foot deep pool. If the script calls for it, she will even fall flat on her face

with which she opened them again. She out-outdoored the Norwegians on every count."

Troup looks upon her as an anachronism, a kind of chronological error. "She belongs to a period of our history that never knew a meat shortage. There is nothing anaemic about Margaret. She is completely indomitable."

Dorothy Mather, her agent, agrees and adds that "she behaves always so unmistakably like Margaret Rutherford that one out of every five Englishmen could spot her instantly in a crowd."

Touring Canada, one winter, she left her husband in bed with a cold and trekked through deep snow to the summit of Mount Royal. As she approached the porch of a chalet at the top, a Canadian voice drawled at her: "Where's your bicycle?"

Her character establishes itself with a flash-bulb effect even for those who do not recognize the well-known features.

"You don't look like a film actress to me," said an old tailor on the Isle of Mull when she visited his establishment to buy a cloak and kilt recently. "Marie Tempest was in this shop once, and she *looked* like an actress."

When Miss Rutherford called at the shop the next day, a painter was putting up a mock coat-of-arms. Under it was the appointment: "Kiltmaster to Margaret Rutherford."

"I went to the pictures last night," was all the tailor said. He had seen his first Margaret Rutherford film.

Her ability to create a strong impression on an audience, sometimes in only a three-minute film sequence, is largely the reason she has to juggle one engagement against another while other actresses of the same vintage spend half the year jobless. Her earnings are a matter for speculation, but the tour of Norway last year was as much to help pay her taxes as to give her a holiday abroad.

In twenty years she has made twenty-five films and has acted in a score of plays, one of which ran for three years. Her poetry readings, which may take her anywhere from the Globe Theatre to a Dr. Barnardo's Home, number thousands.

She makes frequent swoops on a Borstal home in Feltham, of which she is patroness; and during any stage run, as likely as not, her dressing-room will be the scene of a party for a dozen Borstal boys who gorge sandwiches and lemonade while she flutters about admonishing them tirelessly: ". . . we must *all* be happy!"

When not forging ahead with her own career she is busy pushing other people's—in the case of Troup, who was an unknown pianist, as far as the Royal Festival Hall. She raises funds for youth theatres, delinquent children and unemployed actors.

She generates the same kind of energy on the stage and the film set. During the filming of the mermaid comedy, *Mad About Men*, for which Pinewood Studios had constructed a pool ten feet deep, the cameras were turning on a grotto scene. Glynis Johns and some starlets were splashing their plastic tails in the water. When the time for comic antics came, Miss Rutherford pushed aside her stand-in and took the plunge fully dressed. She swam thirty yards that were not in the script, and earned the applause of everyone on the set but the hired lifeguards.

On other sets she has insisted on falling on her face and wrecking her own bicycle when the script called for it.

Her husband, actor Stringer Davis, says she dislikes being "saddled with conventions when she is pursuing some train of creative thought and has the bird in hand."

Bombastic Taste For Colours

She wears "Psyche Pink" nail polish and has a bombastic taste for chintzy colours, because, she says, she likes to hear what each colour has to say in a room, even if the *décor* is a clash of messages. She admits dressing only for comfort and "festivity," and is hardly ever without a cloak because "it suits my billowing personality."

But Miss Rutherford does not agree with those who believe her to be eccentric. "I detest the word 'battle-axe,'" she says, "and the awful myth of my eccentricity."

Her flamboyance was fostered during her schooldays when she was preparing for the stage. At that time she had no connections in the theatre and was too poor to go to a drama school. Then an aged aunt died and left her some money. When the money arrived she was caring for another invalid aunt. She asked the advice of a professional actress touring in Wimbledon, where she lived, and was told to go to London and sit on a producer's doorstep until she got a part.

"So," she says, "I became one of the hard-hearted and left my aunt in the care of a companion. I have never forgiven myself for that, but the stage was pulling awfully hard."

Before going to her first audition with Lilian Baylis, principal of the Old Vic school, she made the mistake of buying a new pair of shoes. Her first dramatic pause in the Portia-Brutus scene of *Julius Caesar* was punctured by the squeak of new leather. Afraid to move, she delivered the rest of her speech stiff and motionless and looked down mournfully at Miss Baylis.

"It was then I was asked the question which for ever eats at my soul," she says. "Miss Baylis asked plaintively, 'Why do you want to do it?'"

The would-be actress bounded into the pit, cornered the principal, and proceeded to tell her for twenty minutes why she wanted to act. She finished by paying a premium of £40, and a month later was appearing as the Bad Fairy With The Long Nose in the Old Vic pantomime *Little Jack Horner*.

Her career was not immediately assured. She left school and had to teach pianoforte and elocution in order to keep herself and a maid who had thrown in her lot with her. After repertory rôles, she appeared in the West End for the first time in 1933 in *Wild Justice*, playing the mother of an idiot boy suspected of murder.

Miss Rutherford's film career did not begin until 1936. She married Stringer Davis, who has appeared in most of her films and several of the plays, in 1945.

Her greatest performance was as Madame Arcati, the medium in Noël Coward's *Blithe Spirit*, which she played for three years before repeating the part in the film. Probably it is the rôle she has found hardest to live down. She made the mistake of attending a séance in order to make her characterization more authentic. Since then, psychic societies throughout the country invite her to their luncheons and meetings, thinking she has a deep interest in spiritualism.

Troup says: "She manages to decline very graciously. People in psychic circles understand now. Margaret is much too busy with the affairs of *this* world to be prying into the business of the next."

THE END

Hickory Dickory Dock

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Every one of them had liked Celia—or said so. And every one of them could have been her killer

WHY SHOULD A newly engaged girl, apparently happy, commit suicide? Hercule Poirot was puzzled. He had met Celia Austin. She had not seemed a suicidal type—although she had confessed to a series of curious thefts. . . .

Poirot had begun investigating the case at the students' hostel in Hickory Road to oblige his secretary, Miss Lemon. Miss Lemon's sister, a Mrs. Hubbard, was the matron of the hostel, which was owned by a woman named Mrs. Nicoletis. The thefts had worried everybody. They had seemed so meaningless.

Why should anyone steal boracic powder, electric light bulbs, or a stethoscope? Who would want to slash a rucksack to pieces, or pour green ink over a student's arduously compiled notes? The thefts of costume jewellery, cosmetics and chocolates—these Poirot could understand. He found the problem at once fascinating and sinister.

When one of the residents, Celia Austin, a dispenser at St. Catherine's Hospital, had come forward to confess, he had not been altogether satisfied. For Celia claimed that she was not

responsible for all the thefts, and heatedly denied the malicious destruction. Her delinquency, it seemed, was merely a transparent manoeuvre to attract young Colin McNabb, a psychology student.

That she had succeeded in this was obvious: the following day they had announced their engagement. And now Celia Austin was dead. Poisoned.

Poirot was discussing the tragedy with Inspector Sharpe, of the local police, when Mrs. Hubbard burst in on them.

Celia's "suicide note" was a fake, she told them excitedly. It had been torn out of a letter the girl had written apologizing for the thefts. The letter must have been left in the common room.

"And somebody found it . . . and opened it . . . somebody——" Inspector Sharpe broke off. "You realize," he said, "what this means?"

"Murder," said Hercule Poirot.

PART THREE

A Bet About Poison

INSPECTOR SHARPE was sitting on one of Poirot's chairs. "You don't mind my coming along like this, M. Poirot?" he said. "I've got an hour to spare until the time when the students will be getting back. I shall want to question them all and, frankly, since you met some of them the other night, I wondered if you could give me any useful dope."

"Your best assistance will probably be from Mrs. Hubbard," Poirot said. "She has been there for some months in intimate association with these young people and she is quite a good judge of human nature."

"Yes, a thoroughly competent woman. I'm relying on her. I shall have to see the proprietress of the place, too. She wasn't there this morning. Owns several of these places, I understand, as well as some of the student clubs. Doesn't seem to be much liked."

Poirot sat thinking for a moment or two. Then he asked: "You have been to St. Catherine's?"

"Yes. The chief pharmacist was most helpful. He was much shocked and distressed by the news."

"What did he say of the girl?"

"She'd worked there for just over a year and was well liked." He paused, and then added: "The morphia came from there all right."

"It did? That is interesting—and rather puzzling."

"It was morphine tartrate. Kept in the poison cupboard in the dispensary. Upper shelf, among drugs that were not often used. It appears that morphine hydrochloride is more often used nowadays than the tartrate."

"So the absence of one small phial would not immediately be noticed?"

"That's right," said the inspector. "The absence of the bottle wouldn't be noticed until it was wanted—or until they were going over stock. The three dispensers all had keys of the poison cupboard. The cupboard is opened as needed, and as on a busy day—which is practically every day—someone is going to it every few minutes, it is unlocked and remains unlocked till the end of work."

"Who had access to it, other than Celia herself?"

"The two other women dispensers, but they have no connection of any kind with Hickory Road. Then there are the three senior pharmacists who have all been at St. Catherine's for years. Those are the people who have what you might call rightful and normal access to

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"Any idea who it could have been?" asked the inspector. Valerie hesitated. "Well . . . not a reasonable idea . . . just a hunch," she said

"For heaven's sake, Poirot!" said the inspector. "You are making my head spin. Is nobody incapable of murder?"

the cupboard. But none of these suggestions seems at all probable."

"What outsiders come into the dispensary?"

"Quite a lot, one way or another. They'd pass through the dispensary to go to the chief pharmacist's office, for instance—or travellers from the big wholesale drug houses would go through it to the manufacturing departments. Then, of course, friends come in occasionally to see one of the dispensers."

"That is better. Who came in recently to see Celia Austin?"

"A girl called Patricia Lane came in on Tuesday of last week. She wanted Celia to meet her at the pictures after the dispensary closed."

"Patricia Lane," said Poirot thoughtfully.

SHARPE consulted his notebook. "She was only there about five minutes and she did not go near the poison cupboard but remained near the outpatients' windows talking to Celia and another girl. They also remember a coloured girl coming about two weeks ago, a very superior girl. She was interested in the work and asked questions about it."

"That would be Elizabeth Johnston. She was interested, was she?"

"It was a welfare clinic afternoon. She was interested in the organization of such things."

Poirot nodded. "Anyone else?"

"Not that can be remembered."

"No doctors come to the dispensary?"

Sharpe grinned. "All the time. Officially and unofficially. Sometimes to ask about a particular formula, or to see what is kept in stock. Sometimes a physician just strolls in for a chat—slack moment. A good many of the young chaps come in for a flirtatious word with the girls. You see how it is. Pretty hopeless."

Poirot said: "And if I recollect rightly, one or more of the students at Hickory Road is attached to St. Catherine's. I remember a big red-haired boy—Bates—Bateman——"

"Leonard Bateson. That's right. And Colin McNabb is doing a post-graduate course there. Then there's a girl, Jean Tomlinson, who works in the physiotherapy department."

"And all of these have probably been quite often in the dispensary?"

THE inspector said, "Yes, and what's more, nobody remembers when, because they're used to seeing them and know them by sight. Jean Tomlinson was by way of being a friend of the senior dispenser——"

"It is not easy," said Poirot.

"I'll say it's not!" Sharpe paused, and then said: "What we are postulating is that someone gave Celia Austin morphia and afterwards put the morphia bottle and the torn-out fragment of letter in her room to make it look like suicide. But why, M. Poirot, why?"

Poirot shook his head. Sharpe went on: "You hinted this morning that someone might have suggested the kleptomania idea to Celia Austin."

Poirot moved uneasily. "That was only a vague idea of mine. It was just that it seemed doubtful if she would have had the wits to think of it herself."

"Then who?"

"As far as I know, only three of the students would have been capable of thinking out such an idea. Leonard Bateson would have had the requisite knowledge. He is aware of Colin's

Continued on page 42

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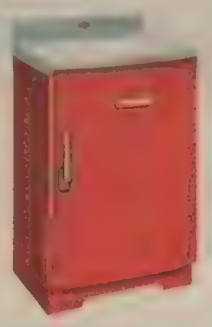

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Two words fight the battle of thirst

by KEITH ELLIS

In any language the signs say Coca-Cola. They're the fighting colours in a world-wide campaign to make every mouth a market

A BRIGHT YELLOW LORRY emblazoned with scarlet advertisements for Coca-Cola drew up at a village pub in Norfolk. A tall, blond young man stepped out, lifted from the lorry a case containing twenty-four bottles of a dark brown liquid, and pushed his way into the public bar. Roy Smart, a twenty-four year old salesman, was paying his fortnightly call on what had so far been a dismal prospect. The pub was three miles off his route and had never sold more than one case a fortnight.

The publican finished pulling a pint of beer. "Same again," he told Smart, who handed over the case and began to make out the invoice.

"You'd sell a lot more if you had a sign outside," Smart said. The landlord looked doubtful. "I've got the very thing you need," continued Smart. "I could put it up in a minute." Still sceptical, the landlord consented.

Smart backed his lorry under the pub-sign and took a large swinging advertisement from the cab. He then screwed it on to the sign. It read simply: "Coca-Cola."

A few days later, the proprietor of a small café handed Smart a note left by the publican. "Please call immediately," it read. Smart found that the publican had already sold his single case and now wanted two more. A week later, acting on a second message, he delivered a further two cases.

The next time he made his regular fortnightly call, Smart pointed out courteously that the pub was too far off his route to keep on making casual visits. "Why not take six cases?" he asked. The landlord agreed. "Since then," says Smart, "he's taken six cases every fortnight. That single sign put up his sales five hundred per cent."

A glib East Anglian whose unruly hair and blue eyes remind his women customers of Van Johnson, Smart is one of nine driver-salesmen now selling Coca-Cola in eastern England. Like his 150-odd colleagues in the rest of the United Kingdom, he is applying the principles that have made Coca-Cola one of the most widely known branded products in the world.

Working by barge in Venice, mule in Mexico and dog-sledge in Alaska, salesmen in over ninety countries sell about fifty million "Cokes"—even the abbreviation is a registered trademark—every day. Following their motto, "Every mouth is a market," they have conquered territories from the Cape of Good Hope to the Arctic Circle, from London to Sydney, from Cairo to the Philippine Islands. As Frank W. Harrold, a Coca-Cola executive, wrote as long ago as 1929: "It can be truthfully said that the sun never sets on Coca-Cola."

During the last war, a traveller met an Indian in the Mexican desert who had heard of Coca-Cola but not the second World War. In many countries it has become so firmly established that people have lost sight of its American origin. A German prisoner-of-war disembarking in the United States during the war noticed a

Coca-Cola was first delivered by horse wagon. Now it goes by lorry, mule, barge and sledge to the remotest parts of the world. An executive said: "The sun never sets on Coca-Cola"

Roy Smart, salesman, calls on a customer. He has learned not to argue, interrupt, smoke or talk to women in stores

Coca-Cola sign. "So they have that here too, do they?" he asked.

Though Communists regard it as an instrument of American Imperialism, Russian diplomats have frequently been seen to drink Coca-Cola at international conferences, and at the Helsinki Games Eastern European contestants enthusiastically patronized a cooler in their camp. One vendor in Rome is supposed to have done a roaring trade outside Communist headquarters by displaying a notice: "Comrades, drink Coca-Cola. It is not the American capitalists but the Russians who invented the drink."

Although sugar rationing held up production until September, 1953, Coca-Cola has now penetrated to most parts of the British Isles. Besides cafés, canteens and drink-shops, it is sold in such varied places as museums, launderettes, London clubs, the Cambridge University Union, Pentonville Jail and the House of Commons dining-room. It is carried in ships, aeroplanes and long-distance buses.

Teeth In Test Went Soft

In England, as in many other countries, it has aroused opposition. Early last year, Dr. Barnett Stross, M.P. for Stoke-on-Trent Central, obtained from two dentist friends some human teeth and placed them in Coca-Cola. After two days, the teeth were "very soft." Dr. Stross immediately put down a question to the Minister of Food and, dissatisfied with Dr. Charles Hill's reply, gave notice that he would raise the matter on the Adjournment. The facts about Coca-Cola must be checked, he said, "because a great attack is to be made on our country by the Cola empire."

Dr. Stross's subsequent speech emphasized the fact that Coca-Cola had a higher acidity than most drinks. This, he said, caused the softening of the test teeth and was sufficient to overcome the neutralizing effect of human saliva. The teeth of monkeys which had regularly been given Coca-Cola with their food showed, after six weeks, "most extensive erosion." After six months, the molars were so badly eroded that the tops were only slightly above the level of the gum. He also claimed that the acid might lead to peptic ulceration and that the caffeine in the drink was bad for young children.

In a typically rumbustious reply, Dr. Charles Hill scornfully rejected the validity of experiments on "two lonely teeth, lying helpless in a bath of Cola drink." If they had been left in pure lemon juice, they would have lost three and a half times as much weight. There *was* a danger in acidity, but most fruit cordials were very nearly as acid as Coca-Cola.

Apart from Dr. Stross's reasoned attack, Coca-Cola has had to dispel widespread prejudice and a number of rumours—like the Coventry report that a piece of steak placed in Coca-Cola would dissolve. In Italy, it was said to turn the hair white. In Egypt, where it benefits from the Moslem ban on alcohol, it suffered, by association, when a rival drink was said to contain pigs' blood.

In several countries, opposition has been frankly political. It has never been allowed to penetrate the Iron Curtain. In France, the Communists fought "Coca-Colonization" on the ground that it would be a cover for American spies. Not surprisingly, they found allies in wine-growers.

The conservative newspaper *Le Monde* wrote: "The implanting of Coca-Cola in a country is generally accompanied by propaganda in the American manner. The walls are covered with posters; publicity cards and neon signs are thrown into play. In a single night, the consumer feels as though he is completely submerged."

In August, 1950, after lengthy manoeuvres, the critics finally passed through the National Assembly a Bill, plainly aimed at Coca-Cola, which gave the government unlimited powers to forbid the manufacture and sale of any beverage derived from plant extracts.

So far, the government has failed to take advantage of its powers, its stand being doubtless reinforced by an announcement from the U.S. Embassy: "We should not think it a particularly friendly act if you were to permit the banning of a perfectly healthy American product."

Meanwhile, in January, 1950, representatives of the wine-growers and Communists brought a lawsuit against Alfredo Schvab, Coca-Cola's manager for France. They hoped to prove that Coca-Cola contained harmful ingredients.

The case was tried and retried. Altogether, ten experts were called. Finally, on July 22, 1954, the French Supreme Court ruled that Coca-Cola was a wholesome drink which did not violate the law.

Smart's success in raising his sales at the Norfolk pub was just one more proof that advertising is a major reason for Coca-Cola's success. Every year about £10 million is spent through films, radio, television, press and posters, in putting forward its claim to be "delicious and refreshing."

At 8.40 each morning, Smart leaves the bottling plant in Norwich with a full load. The first three days of the week he visits city customers. On Thursdays, he makes a ninety-mile tour of public houses, and on Fridays drives out to the coastal villages between Stiffkey and Overstrand. Most days, he hopes to sell about a hundred cases, though it is sometimes as low as forty-five. On Fridays, his sales are never less than a hundred, and once reached 337.

Smart sells to grocers, chemists, snack-bars, restaurants, social clubs, public houses, dance halls, skating rinks, school tuck-shops and fish-and-chip shops. At many of them, he has to carry the heavy cases up flights of stairs. His worst "outlet" is a beach café reached only by a cliff path two hundred yards long.

"They usually want sixteen cases," he says. "It takes me an hour." At such a time, he occasionally exceeds his one free bottle a day.

Smart is a dedicated man. Often, on Fridays, he is selling until ten or eleven p.m. As best man at his brother's wedding at two o'clock one Saturday afternoon, he asked George Ainsworth, the sales manager, two weeks in advance if he could do maintenance on his lorry that morning instead of the usual deliveries. In this way, he would be home in time.

S O S Before The Wedding

At ten, Ainsworth had an emergency call from an R.A.F. camp at Thetford for two hundred cases and Smart was the only driver available. Smart loaded, drove quickly there and organized a group of airmen to unload for him. He then dashed back for the wedding. "I arrived at 1.57," he recalls. "During the service, I parked the lorry outside the church."

Since the Coca-Cola Company regards the driver-salesman as the key to expansion, Smart has been taught at special classes how he must behave with customers. Looking his best, he

In the back country of Trinidad, Coca-Cola is sold at a jungle shack. Yet the firm boasts that quality never varies. Production is carefully checked: only two men are said to know the formula

must greet the dealer by name—"because hearing one's own name makes one feel good." He must smile and be friendly with the dealer's employees. He must be courteous and honest, satisfying complaints and keeping his promises. He must not argue, interrupt, sample merchandise, smoke in the store, waste the dealer's time or make remarks to women. By diagram, textbook and film-strip, salesmen are taught the identical lesson in Coca-Cola classrooms all over the world. At Baghdad, they learn it in Arabic; at Singapore in Chinese.

Smart's own contribution is an attractive personality and a desire to please. He makes a point of finding a topic which interests each customer, and to keep up to date, carefully reads his newspaper before starting his round.

The large number of American airmen in East Anglia gives him an advantage over salesmen in other parts of the country. For Americans, Coca-Cola has an almost mystical significance. When a well-known American magazine sent a reporter to interview William Allen White, the famous editor of the Emporia, Kansas, *Gazette*, on his seventieth birthday, he asked for his photograph to be taken beside the Coca-Cola dispenser at the local soda fountain. He explained: "Coca-Cola is such a sublimated essence of all that America stands for, a decent thing, honestly made, universally distributed, conscientiously improved through the years."

Americans can buy Coca-Cola in the glass at more than 100,000 soda fountains and by the bottle at more than 1,300,000 retail outlets. In some small southern towns, where it is still sold at the traditional price of five cents, business men troop to their favourite drug store mid-morning and mid-afternoon and call for Coke as automatically as English business men call for morning coffee and afternoon tea. One such town—West Point, Georgia—has the highest per capita consumption in the world. Statistically, every man, woman and child drinks three hundred bottles a year.

During the second World War, Coca-Cola followed American troops throughout the world. Shortly after the North African landings, a cable went out from American headquarters: SEND EIGHT COCA-COLA PLANTS IMMEDIATELY (signed) EISENHOWER. Two months before the atom-bombs were dropped, the U.S. Navy ordered 19,980 cases. The indent directed: "To be marked: TOKYO."

The American origin of Coca-Cola is not, however, an unmixed advantage. "Some dealers order it just because it's American," says Smart. "Others won't take it because they don't want Americans in their shops."

Perhaps Smart's strangest sale was to the manager of a tied house whose proprietors forbade him to stock Coca-Cola on the grounds that they made a mineral water of their own. One day, this man approached Smart surreptitiously and told him that he was expecting a party of Americans that night. "They'll want Coke with their rum," he said. "Can you bring me half a dozen cases?"

Later that day, Smart left his lorry in a nearby car park, and carried the cases, well disguised, across to the pub. Next day, he called secretly to take away the empties. "My rum sales went up tremendously," said the manager.

Insurance For The Brewer

Although Smart wears a dark green Coca-Cola uniform with a red and white Coca-Cola badge, he works not for the parent company in Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A., but for Delecta Table Waters, a subsidiary of a Norwich brewery which owns the bottling and marketing rights of Coca-Cola in the Eastern Counties. Sir Robert Bignold, the brewery's chairman, says: "We took on Coca-Cola as an insurance against falling beer sales."

After advertising and salesmanship, experts say Coca-Cola's success is due to the way in which the parent company has gained the support of millions of independent business men in all parts of the world by allowing them to bottle or sell its products. The parent company owns no part of any Coca-Cola retailer. With a few exceptions, which are looked on as showpieces and laboratories, it owns no bottling-plants.

To fulfil the company's boast that a bottle of Coca-Cola bought in Atlanta, Georgia, is indistinguishable from one bought in Panama, Cairo or Bangkok, the parent company minutely controls production. The complete formula is said to be known to only two men, Dr. William Heath and Bert Wells, who are not allowed to fly together or to stay in the same

Continued on page 54

In Macao, China: the sign that almost the whole world understands. It has yet to appear in Russia

Coca-Cola has had to fight rumours and political prejudice. Nevertheless, it sells—even in Algiers

Round and about with the 'little Red Vans'

LONDON'S SOHO : *by A. R. Thomson R.A.*

They've the world to choose from in Soho

SOHO is probably the most cosmopolitan area in the world, a vortex of the exotic and the mundane. It is a place of world wanderers, where strange yet tempting foods and romantic wines give ease to their nostalgia for their homelands.

Yet here, with the world to choose from, wanderer, exile, and London-born citizen give an especially warm welcome to the little red Brooke Bond van. Pushing its way through thronged narrow streets to grocers and food suppliers of all nationalities, it is a symbol of one of the pleasures of the British way of life.

* * *

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets. Brooke Bond is the only tea firm with five blending and packing factories in the United Kingdom. Each serves its own part of the country, and the little red vans, always a familiar sight, become more and more in evidence every week delivering fresh tea to over 150,000 shops.

Over 50 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day

Brooke Bond

good tea - and FRESH!

We ***specially*** recommend

In flight, Harding gives passengers weather reports and flight positions, and answers questions. Once a woman asked to have a window opened—at 10,000 feet

Harding shows his two daughters his "snorter" of foreign currency notes pasted end to end. It is eight yards long

Captain Harding's airlift races the clock

by JOHN HARMAN

As an airline pilot, his job is to bring the ends of the earth nearer. He may have to rush fire-fighters to an oil-well blaze, or deliver mistletoe to homesick Britons

BRITAIN WAS IN THE GRIP of a thick November fog and visibility was down to thirty yards when Captain Geoffrey Harding, a civil air pilot, inspected the runway at Blackbushe airport, Hampshire.

For two days, he had been waiting to fly to the Gold Coast with a cargo of £1 and 10s. notes, weighing a ton and worth £500,000.

It was vital that the money should get there as soon as possible. Cocoa growers were bringing in a record crop and had started a run on the banks. The Crown Agents for the Colonies, who had chartered Harding's plane, feared a crisis if the Africans could not be paid.

"I suggested lighting Fido, the fog-dispersal gear which was installed when Blackbushe was a bomber base," he says. "The Crown Agents jumped at the idea—and then I wished that I had kept quiet."

The equipment, consisting of rows of petrol-fed burners on both sides of the main runway, had been abandoned at the end of the war, three years previously, as too costly for peacetime use. The £900-worth of fuel left in the supply tanks was enough for only five minutes. If he had engine trouble when he was airborne, and wanted to turn back, it would be impossible to find the airport again.

Harding and his co-pilot, engineer, radio officer and hostess climbed aboard their Viking airliner "Fox Sugar" and taxied to the end of the runway.

At first, when the burners were lit, conditions grew worse. A blinding cloud of smoke enveloped his cockpit. When it dispersed, the heat from the flames had cleared the fog from a seven hundred yard tunnel in front of him.

He opened up the engines, raced along between the walls of fire, and found himself in bright sunny weather two hundred feet above the airport.

"Fox Sugar" was the only aircraft which took off in Britain during that fog.

Captain Harding, D.S.O., D.F.C., has a reputation for always getting through to his destination. A tough ex-squadron leader of the R.A.F., slimly built, with grey-blond hair and a moustache, he has logged over 1,500,000 miles on the world's air routes.

At a few hours' notice, and with little regard for the distances involved, he has left for almost every country on the map with bullion, diamonds, furs and more prosaic cargoes, such as bunches of mistletoe for homesick Britons abroad at Christmas. Among his passengers have been diplomats, film stars, a complete symphony orchestra and a pair of fire-fighting experts, bound for an oil fire which was blazing in Iraq.

Keen speculation was aroused by a troupe of ballet dancers, which he took to Central Africa for an exhibition. "The natives were astonished to see the girls step on to the tarmac wearing trousers, like men," he says. "Earlier, a colleague had flown in with what they thought were men dressed as women—the band of the Scots Guards in kilts."

As a senior pilot of Airwork, a London airline, Harding may fly six different types of civil planes, from Consuls to four-engined American Liftmasters. The cockpits of the larger ones have five hundred or more dials, switches and other controls which must be checked constantly.

If he is carrying passengers, Harding gives them weather reports and flight positions, answers queries—one woman, not realizing the havoc which would be caused, wanted to have a window opened at 10,000 feet—and, in the event of a delay at an airport, books hotel accommodation and arranges sightseeing tours.

Harding has collected paper currency from many of the countries he has visited, among them Iceland, Canada, Turkey, Palestine and Ethiopa. Gummed end to end, the notes unroll

Continued on page 58

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

THE ULTRA-V

by LAU

ILLUSTRATED

Ah, what a nose this was! Hippo
He was their secret weapon, their

THE COTTAGE had blue shutters and lay at the very bottom of the terraced, fragrant slopes of Grasse. The shutters were firmly closed that soft April night, for Monsieur and Madame Pochard, and the midwife, too, only approved of fresh air during the daytime.

There was no sound from Madame Pochard all through the night, although the delivery was long and difficult. It was an hour since the last dog had barked, forty minutes before the first cock was going to crow; but then, suddenly, there was a wail from within, and that was the beginning of Hippolyte Pochard.

Considering all the troubles that lay in front of him, Hippolyte had every reason to wail. The worst troubles were far away, high up on the slopes of Grasse; but there were plenty of others quite near at hand. Except to the sentimental, all babies are very alike and rather revolting; but that cannot be said to have been the case with Hippolyte. Even at that tender age, his nose, which ought to have been like a little button, stuck out forcefully and dwarfed the rest of his bright red face. His father gazed at it when he saw it, looked fixedly at his recumbent wife, then took a candle and examined his own face in the looking-glass.

The outcome need not have been so disastrous, but Monsieur Pochard was a *petit fonctionnaire* in the Customs department at Nice, and such people are always looking for contraband, both in their public and private lives. There was no accusation, no violent scene — Monsieur Pochard never did anything precipitately—but he now began to review all his own and his wife's relatives back to the third generation, even studying photographs in the family album.

Nowhere could he find the smallest trace of such a monstrous nose. To his mind, this amounted to positive proof, and within three months he left his wife. He was quite convinced that she had deceived him.

The loss of a husband, dull, pedantic, selfish as he was, did nothing to endear little Hippolyte to his mother. A husband to her was not something to be loved, but rather an indication of status, like some silver in the parlour or a cottage

When Hippolyte came out from the factory, the sedate little square presented an astonishing

IOLET SMELL

NCE KIRK

RICHARD O. ROSE

e had the answer to a nation's prayer.
ply to the H-bomb—and yet so harmless

piano. It was thanks to Hippolyte's nose that she had lost this status, and so she took it out on Hippolyte.

She took it out of him in many subtle ways; but she couldn't deprive him of the sunshine, the beauty of the country, or the many wonders of this fresh world, and Hippolyte often spent quite happy hours playing around the blue-shuttered cottage by himself and sniffing all the strange smells through that magnificent nose.

His nose by this time had developed even faster than the rest of his face and body. It started forward for an inch or so quite parallel to the ground, and then suddenly shot down at the steep angle of a dive-bomber.

In his innocence, not knowing what fiends other little boys were, Hippolyte had looked forward to going to school. But schoolboys always pounce on the slightest eccentricity, and the nose could neither be overlooked nor forgiven. He was Gros-bec, Hornbill, Cyrano, Smelly-face, according to the taste and learning of his persecutors, and nobody dared make friends with him for fear of seriously compromising his own future.

Hippolyte left school the moment it was legally possible to do so, and without the slightest regret. He had not been a clever scholar. The derision of his teachers had often been added to the jeers of his fellow pupils, and it was now very much as if he had been born deaf and dumb. Impervious to insult, he didn't even answer if you said something polite to him. But he didn't seem to be soured in any way, either. Chin and nose were still held erect, and he sniffed the air of the world as though there were still something exciting round the corner.

Madame Pochard was not the least pleased to have him back on her hands with that nose reminding her of the years which she had had to face alone.

Fortunately for her, there was plenty of seasonal work to be had on the terraced slopes of Grasse. The violets, the carnations, the lilies-of-the-valley, the roses, the bitter orange, each flowered in their season. They were picked early in the morning with much loving care, placed in

ectacle. There were bodies everywhere, and on each unconscious face was a smile of secret bliss

"I am not a hard man," said Monsieur Georgeot, almost genially. He realized he had a revolt on his hands

huge panniers, and then carried on the pickers' heads up the long hill to the scent factory where the distilling and blending took place. The same primitive system had been in operation for a hundred years, and the pickers were still paid a starvation wage. But Hippolyte, for one, didn't mind that. He had escaped from his mother and was really happy for the first time in his life.

It is necessary at this point to leave Hippolyte for a year or two and go up the hill and see what happened there. With two important exceptions it was very much the same as if it had been a button factory. There was the management, who dealt with policy and finance, an accounting staff, a power-house, an engineering staff, a large host of workers who did the same thing with meticulous accuracy day after day, and finally a bunch of slick salesmen who travelled all over the world.

Where it differed from the button factory was in the nature of the back-room boys. These men were the real life-blood of the whole organization.

There were two distinct sets of these. First there were the blenders.

It was the custom of Briant Frères to produce one new winter scent every autumn and one new summer scent every spring. With the smells available, they couldn't honestly have done more, and sometimes weren't very honest in doing what they did. All the scent-producing flowers had been known for fifty years, and the only way to produce anything new was to find some subtle blend which would give a fresh nuance to some old favourite. Ambergris and civet cat joined the lilies of the valley and roses in this strange witches' brew.

But Briant Frères never left anything to chance. Each new product was searchingly tested even before the other back-room boys had their go at it.

Both men and women were concerned. It was no good making a woman swoon if the same scent made a man screw up his nose or look embarrassed. So the men were tried out first. Any scent that passed that test was privately studied for effect both in the *salons* of Paris and on the pavements of Nice.

And now at last it was the turn of the other back-room boys, who in some ways were the most important of them all. They were the people who had to find a name for it. Considering the limitations of their vocabulary, which rarely went beyond such words as Rêve, Désir, Soupir, Amour, they achieved remarkable results.

Sometimes they even succeeded where the other back-room boys had failed.

For instance, Soupir d'une Vierge sold twice as well as L'Amour Suprême, and in point of fact the only difference between the two scents was the name.

One distinction between the two sets of back-room boys was that these latter smoked like chimneys as they argued the relative merits of Soupir and Rêve, while the others never touched a pipe, cigar or cigarette. They were very careful of their health in other ways, too, for if one of them caught a cold he was banished without pay until he had recovered from it. Wine-tasters and tea-tasters really had a much easier life. And these new scents or nuances of a scent were terribly elusive. One distilling might raise their hopes only to have them dashed to the ground by the next.

This happened one spring over a new variation derived from the muguet, which was the unsatisfactory name they used for lilies of the valley. It was distinctly there after the first brewing, disappeared in all brewings for nine days, and then suddenly appeared again. There was something extra there, just as they claim for the latest petrols.

Monsieur Georgeot, who was in charge, was an old hand at the game. He knew that the freshness of the flowers, even the soil in which they grew, made some slight difference to the quality of their essence. So when all other tests had failed, he kept ten panniers of muguet as they came in, noted the name of each picker, and then applied his delicate nostrils to each pannier in turn. He couldn't detect the slightest difference between any of them.

However, he didn't stop there. He distilled the contents of each pannier separately and, sure enough, one of them had that elusive extra, while the others were quite ordinary. When he checked with his list, he found that the picker of the winning pannier was somebody called Hippolyte Pochard.

When a second similar test produced the same results and the same strange name, Monsieur Georgeot became quite excited. He arranged the next ten panniers in a row, removing all means of identification from them, and then sent for Hippolyte, who had to come all the way back up the hill.

Monsieur Georgeot was not one of those men who believe in putting underlings at their ease. Hippolyte's nose did startle him a bit; but he recovered quickly and told him that he had been delivering short weight and in future had better be careful. While Hippolyte was mumbling an answer, Monsieur Georgeot produced two little scent bottles, one with the ordinary muguet and one with the extra. He then ordered Hippolyte to sniff the ten panniers and say which, if any, would produce that extra aroma.

Hippolyte without the slightest hesitation picked his own pannier of muguet, and the subsequent distilling showed that he was dead right.

Monsieur Georgeot sat rubbing his hands when the test was completed that same evening. That monstrous nose was going to be a goldmine; a goldmine to Monsieur Georgeot first, to the company second, and, if Monsieur Georgeot had anything to do with it, to Hippolyte Pochard not at all.

That particular new scent was called neither Rêve nor Désir: it was named quite simply Paradis, and sold like hot cakes.

For two more years Hippolyte continued picking those special muguets which only his nose could detect; but then once again the back-room boys were in a jam over the invention of a new smell.

Some of the others were in the secret now, and Monsieur Georgeot argued that if there was a super-muguet, as they now all knew, there was no reason why there should not be a super-violet or a super-narcissus as well.

So Hippolyte was moved to the other side of the hill where the violets grew in profusion, and sure enough all the violets he picked had a plus-plus quality which nobody except Hippolyte could detect. This time the scent was called Hypnotique and it also sold like hot cakes.

Monsieur Georgeot hadn't raised Hippolyte's salary one penny during all this time, but he had done a lot of private thinking. There was no evidence that the soil had anything to do with it; it was just that Hippolyte's nose was a far more sensitive meter than any other nose and never chose a flower without the plus-plus quality. As nobody else could detect that quality in the blossom stage of the scent there had inevitably been some blunders in the distilling-room.

So now Monsieur Georgeot began to wonder whether the proper niche for Hippolyte's nose was not in the distilling-room itself. He and he alone could ensure that only the right blooms got into the brew.

For a brief moment, Monsieur Georgeot considered offering the change to Hippolyte as a

Continued on page 53

Give yourself time to . . .

enjoy the Summer!

Here's another Heinz help for those summer meals that are such fun to eat. Without hours of indoor work either! Heinz Vegetable Salad—it'll make your family sit up and ask for more and give you time to enjoy the summer.

Heinz Vegetable Salad is made from tender, succulent peas, diced carrots and potatoes blended together in rich mayonnaise—it's delicious. And how delicious! For it's one of the famous 57 family of good things to eat that are always ready when you are. Heinz Vegetable Salad—1/- and 1/9.

A sandwich treat—Heinz Sandwich Spread. Just watch those sandwiches go—you'll wish you'd cut some more! It's made by Heinz—and you know what that means! Heinz Sandwich Spread 1/- and 1/6.

IT'S GOOD - IT'S QUICK - IT'S 57 HEINZ

On the balcony at Headingley, Wardle's juggling amuses colleagues Appleyard, Close and Trueman. He is a key man in Yorkshire's bid for championship

Johnny Wardle, the happy heretic

by WILFRED GREATOREX

With pantomime antics he shocks cricket's diehards. He plays for laughs as well as wickets—and always gets plenty of both

THE GEORGETOWN CROWD was hostile. Upset by a run-out decision against a West Indies batsman at a crucial stage of the third Test Match with England last year, they vented their anger by hurling empty bottles on to the field. England captain Len Hutton refused to be browbeaten into taking his side off, however, and when the row subsided and play was resumed, he placed a roundly built, apple-cheeked fellow Yorkshireman named Johnny Wardle on the boundary nearest the trouble makers. Soon, the bottles started flying again.

Wardle, with plenty to choose from, picked up a beer bottle and proceeded to mime a drinking act, and then staggered about the outfield as if he were drunk. "Johnny's humour isn't always appreciated in the pavilion," says a member of that touring team. "But it was that day; the crowd lapped it up—and kept quiet." Next day, England won for the first time in the series.

At thirty-two, John Henry Wardle has a unique reputation for drollery on the cricket fields of the Commonwealth. A thickset ex-colliery worker with fair wavy hair and a north-countryman's broad sense of humour, he usually manages to produce at least one amusing incident in even the most dour game.

He uses the ball for displays of juggling, indulges in big-hitting orgies when all the luck seems to be with him, affects surprise or embarrassment with a repertoire of gestures befitting a pantomime comedian, and now and then performs acrobatics which are the despair of the game's diehards.

"Sometimes," said a team-mate recently, "he keeps the crowd from going home when the game is uninteresting."

Even the solemnity of Lord's, and the annual Roses' fixtures against Lancashire, which have all the trappings of historic ritual, do not weigh too heavily on Wardle, who looks plumper on the field than his vital statistics—five feet ten inches, twelve stone five pounds—suggest. Late one afternoon when the light was fading over the Bramall Lane ground, Sheffield, he was fielding close in when a Lancashire player drove a ball hard in his direction.

"It nearly decapitated me," says Wardle. Putting out his left hand, more in protection than in hope, he suddenly leaped ecstatically in the air, his hands cupped. About 15,000 people, deceived by his action in the poor light, rose in their seats and cheered an incredible catch. "It was only when they saw Ted Lester fielding the ball on the boundary behind me that they realized I was kidding."

By such spontaneous mischief, Wardle plays for laughs as well as runs and, more particularly, wickets. He gets plenty of each. "Sometimes, you feel that Johnny's going to bowl an orange at you instead of the ball," says one batsman, "but nobody can afford to take him *too* lightly."

To date, Wardle's deceptively casual left arm slow bowling has won him a place for England in nineteen Test matches against Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the West Indies and Pakistan. Every season since 1948 he has reached the traditional target for leading bowlers of one hundred wickets, and he finished last season with 155—more than any other bowler except Nottinghamshire's Australian, Bruce Dooland. Twice during 1954 he took nine

wickets in an innings—against Lancashire at Old Trafford he returned nine for twenty-five. A few weeks ago, he polished off six Gloucestershire men for six runs.

Wardle's bluff fatalism has been used more than once by his captains as a tactical manoeuvre. Hutton promoted him in the batting order during the rowdy Georgetown Test in the hope that his devil-take-the-hindmost batting would boost the morale of a team already two games down. Wardle put up a catch with his first shot, but it was dropped, and he hit a fast thirty-eight runs.

When fielding, Wardle has been known to pretend that he has missed a ball and has set off after it with the ball in his hand. Sometimes, he hides the ball in his shirt. Once at Scarborough, he went through the motions of a bowling delivery, but no ball appeared. His innocent air of bewilderment changed to one of forgetfulness as he felt in his pocket and produced it. One of his favourite touches is to applaud himself for a lucky shot that has brought him four runs.

Clowning Was Frowned On

In the Gentlemen v. Players game at the Scarborough Festival in 1953, Wardle changed places with wicket-keeper Godfrey Evans, fell over backwards in taking a hard return, and then acrobatically flipped himself back on to his feet. *Wisden's Almanack*, gravely recalling the incident, said: "The gay spirit of the Festival was somewhat overdone. . . ." Wardle is unrepentant. "It was the funniest ten minutes I've ever had," he says in his cut-and-polished Yorkshire accent, "though I know it didn't go down too well in some quarters."

For all his unorthodox behaviour and the heat it generates among some influential people in cricket, Wardle is rarely out of the running for a place in the England team. Yet many experts, even in Yorkshire, consider he is not a first-class bowler compared with old-timers like Wilfred Rhodes; others rate him not so good as Tony Lock, the Surrey left arm slow bowler and his chief rival for Test selection.

His style, too, is often criticized. He takes a six-yard run and flings his left arm behind his back before delivering the ball, dragging his left foot. At the end of the 1948 season, when he had taken 152 wickets, he was advised to alter his technique to get his body into the delivery by pivoting on his right foot. "I found it very awkward," he says.

Taking fewer wickets, he lost his place in the county team, and finally reverted to the natural style he had taught himself as a schoolboy. He regained his county place, and by the end of the season had got his hundred wickets. Most of Wardle's victims fall to catches after being deceived by the ball's spin, and all nine men out to him in that Lancashire innings last season were caught.

Answered Taunts With Joke

Last winter, at Adelaide, the Australian batsman McDonald was dropped by Denis Compton off Wardle's bowling. After the over, when he went to field on the boundary, Wardle was taunted about the miss by wags in the crowd. "What about it, Johnny?" yelled one. Wardle shrugged. "He didn't drop it very far."

Off the field, Wardle often displays a surprisingly businesslike reserve, and he does not make friends easily. "But once he gets to know people," says his wife, Edna, "he thaws out quite well." When he is playing on a ground beyond daily reach of his home at Wakefield, where the Wardles have a semi-detached house, he prefers to stay with friends rather than in a hotel and, according to Edna, he does not practise his joking as much off the field as many people seem to expect.

During the close season Wardle works for a fuel economizer firm, and is in demand as a speaker. Last winter he gave nearly fifty talks to clubs

Batsmen never know what to expect when Wardle bowls. "Sometimes you feel that he's going to toss down an orange," says one. But they dare not treat him lightly. Last season he took 155 wickets

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and societies in the West Riding. In his free time he likes a round of golf and spends some time playing cricket in the garden with his sons, John Cyril, aged ten, and Gerald, eight. "They're cricket crackers," he says. He pointedly does not coach them, as he prefers them to develop their own natural aptitudes for the game—as he did.

Wardle's first real interest in cricket developed at Ardsley, near Barnsley, when his father, a miner, bought him a bat. At eleven, he tried fast bowling, but was persistently barred from the nets at Wath-on-Dearne Grammar School. "They kept kicking me out." So Wardle took to nipping over the fence for furtive practices on the nearby cricket ground of Brampton, a South Yorkshire League Club. "The groundsman would chase me out," he recalls. "When he'd gone I went back."

Practised In Garden

Mostly, he practised on the short and narrow garden path, using the coal bunker wall as his target. One evening, in ordinary clothes and leather-soled shoes, he bowled out two Brampton clubmen in the nets and a day or two later saw his name on the second eleven team sheet in the window of a village pub. "I thought they'd made a mistake," he says now, "but some committee men had seen me bowling that night."

In one game for Brampton second eleven, he found himself bowling to his school captain. Wardle got him for a duck. Soon, he was in the school side, and at fifteen was promoted to Brampton's first team. "I was the Brampton boy wonder," he says.

At this time he made his first century in less than ninety minutes and once put out an entire team, Rockingham, for thirty-six runs. In 1944, he created a league record with 113 wickets in the season, and later became a professional with Eccleshill in the Bradford League.

He first got into the Yorkshire side for a county championship game in 1946—against Worcestershire. By this time, he was in demand. After the first day's play he turned out in a Sunday match for Denaby. "I didn't know that as a county player I wasn't supposed to do this." He scored a century. On the Monday, he was last man in for Yorkshire, who needed five to win. Wardle scored two of them.

His cricketing marathon was not over. He was promptly driven by taxi to Eccleshill for a two-night cup match. Immediately on arrival, he was told to put on his pads and go straight in. "The fielders clustered round me," he recalls, "and it dawned on me, 'They must think I can't play cricket now I'm with Yorkshire.' But when I played the ball, they all fanned out again. I didn't know it then, but I'd just stopped the bowler getting his hat-trick."

Since then, Wardle has hardly been out of the Yorkshire team except for that 1949 setback. He appears to take little out of himself when bowling—though recently he strained his back in a match and needed massage treatment—and for some time was known as "perpetual motion Johnny." One day, he bowled without relief from eleven o'clock in the morning until a quarter past four—fifty-three overs.

Some observers, including Edna Wardle, believe that he indulges in many of his cricket-field antics to help himself through the tedium of these drawn-out bowling spells.

Last winter, during the M.C.C. visit to New Zealand, he had been plugging away for some time and had made fifteen appeals for leg-before-wicket. All of them had failed. Another delivery struck a batsman's pads. Wardle appealed again and this time, before the surprised umpire had time to reply, promptly added in a loud voice which could be heard all over the ground: "Not likely."

The umpire agreed, but soon afterwards, when Wardle appealed again, he gave the batsman out. THE END

BORN ON SNOWSHOES

Continued from page 19

make-believe high chairs beside the stove. Mother called us to dinner and we all ran for the house, forgetting to shut the stove down. In a few minutes, Dad looked out of the window beside his bed where he spent most of his time in the cold weather, crippled by arthritis, and hollered: "Hey, you kids, your swearing closet's going up in smoke!"

We all rushed to put out the fire, which had been started by a falling spark from the stovepipe. Nothing in the tent was hurt except the dolls. Their faces were covered with blisters from the heat of the stove, and from then on we told each other stories of the big fire that had left our children scarred for life.

I learned, that winter, to be scared of a moose, and I never got over it. When the trapping season opened on November 1, John had put his own lines out and then helped Mom with hers. The cold weather crippled Dad so that he could hardly get out of bed. Sometimes John ran the lines alone; sometimes Hazel or I went with him.

As we went through the big timber one day, I heard John say: "There's a moose close to the trail," and then, in a desperate voice, "and he's going to come!"

He yelled at the leader: "Hurry up, Rags!" The dogs jerked the toboggan ahead, and I looked round to see, not more than fifteen feet away, the face and knees of a big bull moose.

His eyes showed the whites all the way round, his ears were flat on his neck, and he was coming straight for me with big jumps. I didn't have time to move from where I was sitting bundled up on the back of the toboggan, before his cold, wet nose hit me fair in the face.

His knees hit the toboggan and turned it over. One foot went through the rawhide carry-all and grazed my hip as I fell into the snow. John was yelling at the moose, and the dogs were all barking. I lay still, scared to move and expecting the moose back at any minute.

When he didn't come, I climbed out and headed for the nearest tree. I wanted something between him and me if he came again. But apparently he had gone on towards the river after upsetting us. John got the pistol out of the toboggan, untangled the dogs, and we started on.

We had a poor catch that winter. Towards the end of April we began helping with the skinning of wolves, kept frozen until then, and cutting meat into strips for drying. We had to get the boats ready for the trip to town, and put away the toboggans and trapping equipment for the summer. Then we loaded dogs, furs and camping equipment into the boats for the trip to Fort Yukon.

The next time we came up the Porcupine and Black and Salmon Rivers, Dad was not with us. He was in the hospital in Fort Yukon, and he never came out except when they moved him to the Pioneers' Home in Sitka the next year. I never saw him again.

Menfolk Were Gone

When we went up the river in the summer of 1929, after only three weeks in Fort Yukon, there were old John, past sixty, Mother and us three girls aged thirteen, twelve and nine. Our menfolk were all gone—all three boys and now Dad. That left the womenfolk to do the work for the family.

For the next twelve years our lives were an unvarying routine; up the river in the summer; an autumn of woodcutting, meatgetting, toboggan building, berrypicking; a long, hard, cold winter of running the traplines; a spring of beaver trapping, wolf skinning, closing-up; a fast trip downriver; a few weeks in Fort Yukon, and up the river again.

Since I was a summer child, my birthday nearly always happened while we were headed up the Black River towards the home cabin. My present on my twelfth birthday was a .30-40 Krag rifle.

In a way, the up-river trip every summer was our holiday. Pete Nelson

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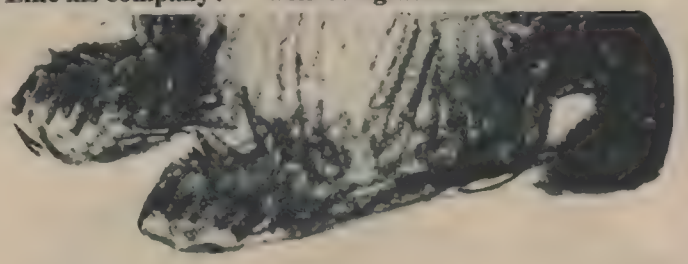

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always came with us and—except for one year when he got mad at us about something and went up alone in his poling boat—Bill O'Brien came, too.

Both were old men—Bill seventy or so, and Pete about John's age. Pete was slender, very careful about fires, very neat in everything he did. Bill was a large man with white hair and pink cheeks. Both were good company in different ways.

We could never really feel in a hurry because, in spite of Pete's hustling anxiety to get back to his own house, we could always count on being stalled by low water enough times for the trip out to take us anything from a month to two months.

Ten days of steady running time would have done it, which meant that during the other twenty to fifty days we were either in trouble, and having plenty of excitement to keep us awake, or loafing on some gravel bar with nothing much to do.

Our outfit was pretty much the same from year to year but, as the seasons went by, we improved the system a little. One summer we took the Universal engine out of storage and the following spring we rigged it in the scow, so that after that season the power boat and the scow could run independently if they had to.

Our Fighting Dogs

Putting in the second engine made many of our difficulties lighter, but the problems multiplied as our dogs increased from year to year. We had started out with seven. By 1933 we had eighteen, and with Bill's seven dogs they took up a lot of room in the boats, which were already loaded with supplies.

It is astonishing how much nuisance twenty-five dogs can be. They had to be loaded and unloaded and fed and kept from fighting. This last was the hardest: the dogs never tried to bite us, but whenever dogs from different teams were put together they could be in a fight in a half second. A piece of thick green willow about three feet long generally quieted them in a hurry, though.

Once, as we were going through an old shallow channel, we had to unload the dogs, and John took four and I took six to lead them along the bank. I tied the chains round my waist to keep the jumping dogs from pulling away. They were big dogs, and strong pullers; the six of them outweighed me by about three to one, and I had my hands full.

John saw what I had done and said: "Untie those, for the Lord's sake. If they start fighting, you'll be torn up."

I laughed and showed him the willow I was carrying. "You would be surprised what a difference a little stick makes."

Just then, one dog jumped ahead of me, and I hit him. As he jumped back, he hit another, knocking him against a third. The last dog snapped, and the fight was one. I had been too lazy to muzzle the dogs with string. Another dog joined the fight, with the other three pulling the other way. My stick broke on the third hit.

The dogs swirled and snapped and rolled, entirely too close for comfort, and I could not loosen the chains that tied them to me. The only thing I could do was to keep kicking at them and try to work myself over to a stout stick that lay ten feet away.

Excited dogs were pulling in every direction, and it was hard to keep my feet. The fight stirred up all the other dogs, so that the rest of the family had all they could do to handle their own, and could not help me.

I staggered along, shoving the fighters out of the way and dragging the others, until I could almost stoop to reach the stick. Then they pulled me over. My falling jerked them almost on top of me, and I expected to get bitten any second, but I managed to crawl the last yard and get my hand on the stick.

As soon as they felt it on them they quieted, and I muzzled them with string as I should have done in the first place.

Let any emergency arise, let the weather get bad or the river rise fast, and the dogs could be depended on to complicate everything. We were once camped on a bar two or three miles below the mouth of the Salmon. It had been raining for three days, and the water was rising. By noon the water had risen enough for us to go on, but after we had gone a mile it began to rain again.

We pulled ashore at the first bar, rigged the tarpaulin over the scow, tied the dogs to roots well back on the bar, and crawled into the scow and lay down with robes over us. We didn't have a stove in the boat, and in the cold, driving rain a camp fire was impossible.

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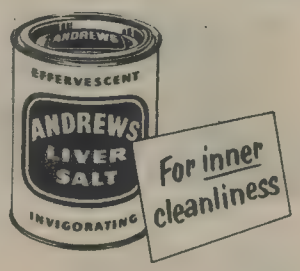

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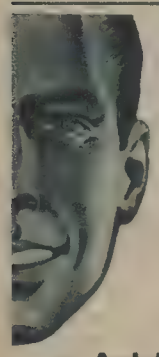

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fussed. It was still raining, and so dark that Hazel and I could hardly see. We crawled out to take a look at the dogs; all we could see was the dark shine of water.

Four dogs were on top of the roots they were tied to, and three or four more were standing up to their bellies in the ice-cold, muddy river. The rest were on higher ground.

We put on our overalls and hip-boots and waded out. The high ground could hold no more dogs than it already had. We had to put the wet ones in the power boat, and they were so happy to see us that they jumped up on us and wagged their tails and threw water and mud all over us.

While we swore and slapped at them, they put up big wet paws to shake hands, and shook themselves until we were as wet as they were, and shivering just as much.

Then the rest of the dogs got the idea that we were leaving, and howled and barked, and two of them broke loose and came splashing through the water to add to our shower bath. We put them in the power boat, too, and went back to bed.

Wet And Shivering

Twenty-five dogs take a lot of food, much more than we could generally carry. At every stop we had to rustle food for them, and that generally meant fishing.

The water in the Salmon River, especially, was always icy cold. Because we often fished late if we needed dog-feed badly, we were likely to be wet and shivering as the sun went down, and still a long way from home.

I remember one such evening when Hazel and I were out with John. The mosquitoes were as bad as I ever saw them, but they got worse as soon as we went into the timber to rustle wood for a fire to warm up by, and smoke off the bugs before starting home.

A million more gnats and mosquitoes came out of the woods with us. We stood over the fire and almost blistered our faces, but our backs stayed cold, our wet clothes touched a new spot every time we moved, and the mosquitoes got thicker and thicker in spite of the smoke.

Besides wearing hats, we had our heads covered with bandanas, but the mosquitoes still got into our noses, eyes and mouths. We wore canvas gloves to protect our hands, but the mosquitoes gathered in a black mass on our backs and stung through our shirts, and the gnats got in under the bandanas and around our ears and into our eyes.

Our eyes were swollen, and blood ran down our faces. We even jumped through the leaping flames in the hope that the pests would follow us and get burned up. A lot of them did, but that didn't make any difference to the number around us.

Swam In Icy Water

Fishing and picking berries kept us busy most of the time, even if we were hung up on a bar waiting for the rise, but Elsie and I found time to teach ourselves to swim in the ice-cold water of the river. The mosquitoes taught us to get under fast and stay under, even though the water took our breath.

Evenings round the camp-fire were the most peaceful time of day. Bill and Pete whittled aimlessly at pieces of wood or talked with Mom and John about experiences they had had, or they would all plan how to get past a bad stretch of river.

We girls might go off into the woods and come back with cottonwood or birch bark to carve into toys. We made full sets of miniature dishes, strings of cottonwood beads, and many different kinds of little boats.

At mealtimes, Bill and Pete each cooked for himself, but they often ate together for company, putting their grub-boxes close together to sit on while they ate. For bread they ate biscuits, as we did, but often, too, we baked bannocks, or "pan bread." The smallest ones that we made were about seven inches across and two inches thick.

When we were waiting for the river to rise, we might bake them in the morning and have them steaming hot for breakfast, with fried potatoes and eggs and home-made marmalade or wild-berry jam on them. We never used coffee; tea took its place. If anyone wanted water, he dipped it out of the river.

No trip up-river would have been complete without one of Bill O'Brien's fires. Whenever we passed a big driftwood pile we would have to start worrying about Bill, because he seemed to have a mania for setting such piles afire. He said he did it to burn mosquitoes up.

One day, while we were camped just a couple of miles above Pete Nelson's place, Bill said that he was going to set fire to the big drift pile that started at the water's edge a quarter of a mile below camp, and was piled in against the trunks of the big spruce timber for a hundred yards or so back inland.

We told him not to burn it under any circumstances, because it would certainly get out of control, and might burn miles of country right in the middle of Pete's trapline.

Bill said in his slow way: "Well, I guess you're right. I wouldn't want to burn Pete out."

"Besides," we said, "we can't move, and we've got five hundred gallons of petrol aboard."

But a few days later, we saw a big column of smoke rolling up from the drift. Hazel yelled: "Hey, the drift pile is afire!"

"Aw, that's all right," Bill drawled. "Just burn up some bugs."

Mom and John came running out of the tent, and Mom said: "That's got to be put out right away."

Burned Like Oil

By the time we could get down there, it was burning half-way to the tops of the tall spruces. The green boughs burned like oil; the sky was full of black smoke. John and I stayed with the boats, so that we could take care of the dogs, and the others took axes and five-gallon tins to fight the fire with.

Hazel and Bill went behind, and felled the big spruces that were not burning, as well as some that the fire had jumped. That made a kind of fire break. Then they all took tins of water, and called to me to bring more.

We worked for four hours before we had the fire under control. If it had gone on twenty minutes longer we never would have stopped it.

"By golly," Bill said, "I didn't think it would do that. I guess I shouldn't have started it."

But it didn't cure him. Next year he started two fires, one of which burned over twenty miles of country between the Salmon and Black Rivers. The second one almost trapped Mom and us girls in a blueberry patch.

That was the way our summer trips went. The travelling itself was often exciting, and if it wasn't exciting it was pleasant.

When we were under way, in easy water, everything got quiet except for the steady roar of the engines, which seemed to be playing an endless, monotonous tune. It was hard to stay awake. I used to make up little poems to match the drone, for it seemed at times as though the engines were singing faintly, the sort of music where you can almost understand the words but not quite.

Jerked Us Awake

My little poems would be tucked away in my catch-all box for a few days and then tossed overboard to drift down the river. Today I have only one of them, and it isn't much of a poem.

The sun on the water tired our eyes, and its warmth on our bodies made us sleepier. Just about the time the hum of the engines would start turning into real words, I would hear a sharp *crack* and jerk awake to see Hazel putting her poling stick back in place.

Each of us kept watch on the others, and if anyone started dozing we cracked the gunwale with a poling stick to bring her awake—not always in a good mood.

Sometimes I got so mad at Hazel

that I could have knocked her overboard if she had been within reach. Boy! Was I glad when I could get even by cracking the poling stick on the gunwale myself to wake *her* up or bring her back from faraway thoughts.

Eventually we would reach what we called the Whirlpool, one of our most dreaded spots. The Whirlpool got its name from the sharp turn that shot the fast water straight into the face of the bank, undercutting it and bringing even the huge cottonwoods toppling into the current.

Some were torn away, roots and all, and rushed down the river. Others hung by their roots, making an even greater hazard, and the water hurled back from the bank created a swift whirlpool that was very hard to navigate.

First, we had to separate the boats and tow the poling boat, full of dogs, up through the old and shallow channel. Then we had to come back, hunting for a place shallow enough to wade so that we could get to the power-boats. The water was almost over our hip-boots; the current walled up against our hip pockets and almost knocked us down.

Thrown Against Bank

The moment we all dreaded came when we had to run the power-boats through the whirlpool that seemed waiting to smash against the bank anything that came into it. A big tree already in the water crackled and splashed. We had tied the two boats side by side for safety in making the sharp turns, and they heaved and strained at the ropes that held them.

With the motors flat out, we moved so slowly that we had to watch the tree to know that we were making headway. At the elbow kink that formed the whirlpool, we were picked up and hurled against the bank three times. Each time we had to stop the motors and drift back to try it again.

On the fourth try we made it, but we barely inched forward against the rush of water, and I was holding my breath all the time for fear the engine would conk out as it had a habit of doing at the wrong times.

We kept creeping forward slowly until we were over the worst of the riffle, and then the motors began to shove us along faster and faster.

We could hear the dogs howling from the poling boat. As we headed on up, leaving a silvery V of wake behind, it was hard to believe that at the Whirlpool we had been five hours travelling a hundred yards.

A day later, we would reach the cabin. The up-river holiday was over and we were home. As I carried my new Krag rifle ashore that first season, I remember wondering a little fearfully what lay ahead. I thought of the wolves, the moose and the long, lonely winter trails. I was still only twelve, and this time Dad wouldn't be with us. We were on our own.

NEXT WEEK: We are hunted by the wolf pack

"Born On Snowshoes" by Evelyn Berglund Shore will shortly be published as a book by Robert Hale, Ltd., at 16s.

A ROOF FOR SAN PATRICIO

Continued from page 13

has been many years already since San Ciriaco, in his jealousy, wrecked our church in San Patricio."

The priest did not understand the custom of naming hurricanes after saints, and was confused.

"Anyway," he said, despairing at solving the tangle, "I shall have to write to San Nicolas and, even if it is all right, there will be many problems about raising the money. Come back in a week. I will send the letter air-mail and we should have an answer."

On the streets again, Carlos realized he didn't know how to get back to the Casita Maria. He slept that night in a subway; the following night, too. During the day, he walked about the great city asking about work from anyone who looked as if they might speak Spanish. He found no work. He ate wherever he could, spending some of his little horde on bread.

Twice he was almost run over by taxis, and several times policemen came up to him as he stood in doorways out of the cold wind and said something which he assumed to mean he couldn't stand there, and he would move away.

After three days, he went back to see the priest. There was no word. The priest looked concerned.

"You have somewhere to stay, haven't you?" the priest said. Carlos nodded. He had the subways. "And are you eating?"

"Yes," said Carlos, "I am well."

It wasn't until he had wandered around most of the day that he remembered the card in his pocket, the card of the Irish, his friend on the plane.

He showed the card to a policeman, who said something in English and pointed down-town. By showing the card often enough he progressed from policeman to policeman until he at last arrived at Señor Weintraub's place of business.

Señor Weintraub shook hands and asked how his mission was progressing.

"There are complications of letters to write," Carlos said with a shrug.

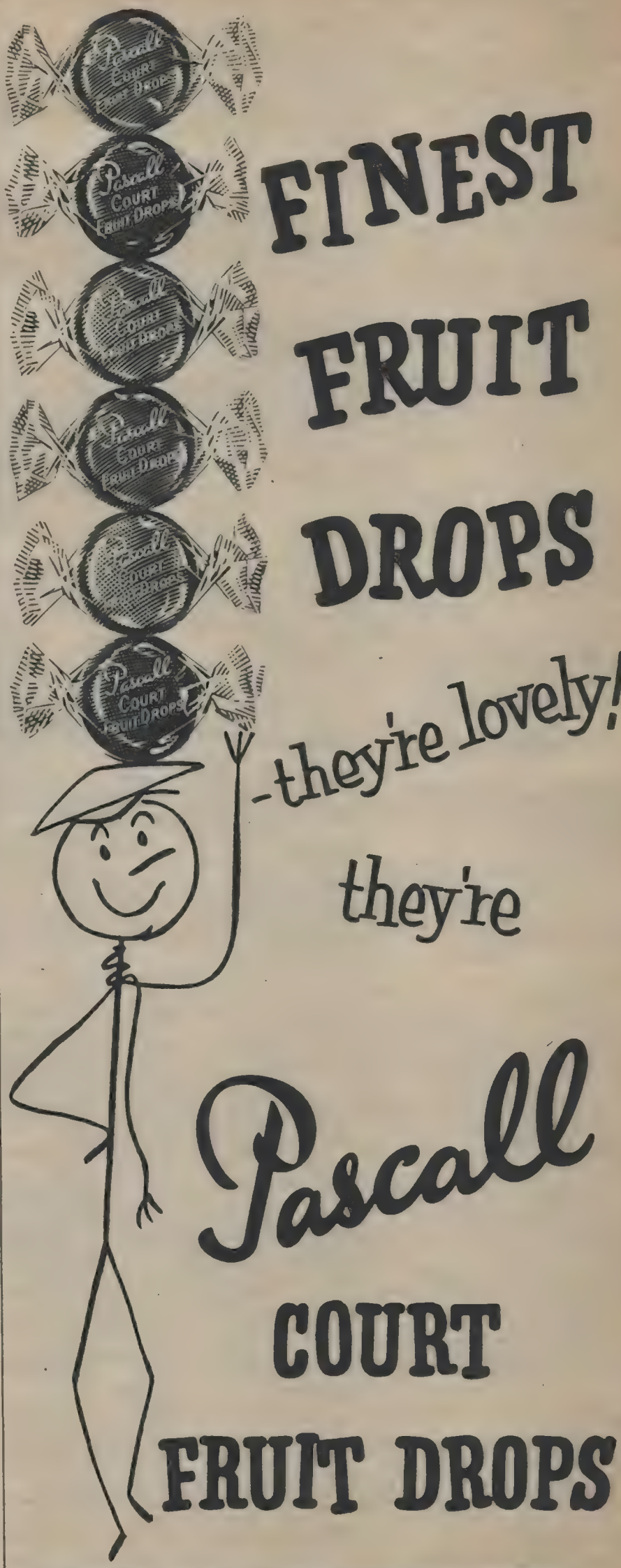
"It will not be easy," his friend replied. He took a wallet from his pocket, selected a ten-dollar bill and handed it to Carlos. "To help in building the roof," he said.

"I do not come begging," Carlos said, waving it away. "I will work for you."

"I can't use you here," Weintraub said. "You do not speak English. Wait! Can you read and write Spanish?"

"No," said Carlos, "but I speak it well." His face suddenly brightened. "I will mind your children," he said. Carlos was not a talking man, but now he talked. "San Patricio saw to it that I met you," he said. "Padre Juan told me how the Irish have such great devotion for San Patricio, and as soon as I saw your red hair I knew you were Irish and would help me."

"But I'm not. . . ." Mr. Weintraub was stopped by the intent look on Carlos's face. The phone rang and he snatched it off the rest. "Later," he said, and put the phone back. Carlos



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sensed a change in his friend, and pressed his advantage.

"I have seven sons," he said. "I could care for your children. I could teach them many things they might not otherwise learn."

"You know," Señor Weintraub said, "I think you could."

Carlos sat in the chair while his friend made many phone calls. By the time he was finished it was dark outside. He took Carlos to the subway with him, and after a short ride they got out and went to the house where Señor Weintraub lived.

A pretty woman opened the door, and she was introduced to Carlos as Señora Weintraub. Two small boys stared at him from around a door. He smiled at them as his friend talked rapidly to the señora. She did not look friendly as she sat in a big chair, tapping her fingers impatiently.

"He looks like a bandit," she said nervously.

"What did she say?" Carlos asked.

"She said you have an honest face."

"Remind her of my seven sons."

"Al," Mrs. Weintraub was saying, "why did you get mixed up in this?"

"He has so much faith," her husband said earnestly. "You see so little of it these days—I just can't let him be disillusioned."

"But, Al, it's an impossible idea."

"Honey," Mr. Weintraub said, "I thought so, too, at first, but look at it this way. I do business in Puerto Rico. The boys will probably come into the business with me when they are older. The sooner they learn Spanish, the more they know about Puerto Rico, the better it will be."

The two boys had grown bolder and had sidled into the room. Carlos, accustomed to the sun-gilded children at home, felt pity at their pale faces. He suddenly snapped his fingers four times in a row to make a sound like a running horse. The boys' eyes brightened and they moved across the room to stand shyly beside Carlos, who grinned without breaking the rhythm.

"Do it slower," one boy said, and Señor Weintraub repeated it in Spanish.

Carlos slowed the horse to a trot, then to a clip-clopping walk. As the man and woman looked at each other over his head, Carlos made the sounds of a duck, a rooster, a burro, and the sound of a train echoing in the hills.

"You can't learn everything from books," Al said.

"All right," his wife said, and then she smiled. "I can't hold out against you *and* Saint Patrick."

It was soon a familiar sight in New York's Central Park to see a small, brown man, gnarled like a stunted live oak, who herded a boisterous group of children through the zoo and playgrounds. They called him Uncle Carlos, and each day he left his furnished room and went from house to house until he had collected all fourteen children.

He was not much bigger than his charges, but his long arms could snatch them back from danger, and his back never weakened when the younger ones tired and needed to be carried home. No matter how fast they ran or how strenuous the game, Uncle Carlos could outlast them all.

Small boys and girls in New York learned songs of the Jibaro children. Uncle Carlos made them toy machetes; he taught them to carve animals and birds and faces in wood; and how to make music from a hollowed gourd.

The mothers never worried about their children when they were with Carlos. All the parents tried to pay him, but Carlos would only lift a shoulder, make a wry mouth and say: "I build a roof for San Patricio." It was Señor Weintraub who took up a collection to pay for Carlos's trip in the *avion*.

And suddenly the year was up. At last he was going home. This time in a ship with a broad beam which would take the waves in majesty, for Carlos wanted no more of flying.

Señor Weintraub and all fourteen children went to see him off. There was round after round of farewells, promises to meet again, and some tears were shed. Then the whistle blew and the ship moved away and Carlos was left alone at the rail, watching his friends grow smaller.

CARLOS felt sad but triumphant, for in his pocket was not only money for the roof but enough for stained-glass windows, donated by his Irish friends of New York. He pulled out the paper with the names to be inscribed on the six windows of the saints:

San Isidro: Isadore Aaronson. (*He was in cotton goods*, Carlos recalled.)

San Pedro: George Wilson (*He imported Puerto Rican rum.*)

San Mateo: Edward Murphy. (*Carlos was riding in one of Mr. Murphy's boats.*)

San Pablo: Paul DuBois. (*He had something to do with bananas.*)

San Jose: Joseph Caruso. (*He made cigars from Puerto Rican tobacco.*)

San Luis Beltrán: Alfred Johnson. (*His company bought Puerto Rican coffee.*)

Padre Juan had been right, Carlos thought. The Irish did have a devotion to San Patricio which was deep and true. Here he had the money for the roof *and* windows. Maria would be made glad.

With warm pleasure which made no mark on his homely face, Carlos looked once more at the last notation, which he knew was the contribution of Señor Weintraub, for one window over the altar to be dedicated to San Ciriaco.

That had been Carlos's idea. Truly, there was no sense in taking chances with *this* roof. THE END

HICKORY DICKORY DOCK

Continued from page 23

enthusiasm for 'maladjusted personalities.' He might have suggested something of the kind to Celia more or less as a joke. But I cannot really see him conniving at such a thing for month after month—unless, that is, he had an ulterior motive, or is a very different person from what he appears to be.

"Then there is Nigel Chapman, who has a mischievous and slightly malicious turn of mind. He'd think it good fun and, I should imagine, would have no scruples whatever. And the third person I have in mind is a young woman called Valerie Hobhouse. She has brains, is modern in outlook and education, and has probably read enough psychology to judge Colin's probable reaction. If she were fond of Celia, she might think it legitimate fun to make a fool of Colin."

"Leonard Bateson, Nigel Chapman, Valerie Hobhouse," said Sharpe, writing down the names. "Thanks for the tip. I'll remember when I'm questioning them." He buttoned away his notebook. "And that's all the help you can give me, M. Poirot?"

"I fear so. But I consider myself personally interested—that is if you do not object, my friend?"

"Not in the least. Why should I?"

"In my own amateurish way I shall do what I can. For me, there is, I think, only one line of action."

"And that is?"

Poirot sighed. "*Conversation*, my friend. All the murderers I have ever come across enjoyed talking. In my opinion the strong, silent man seldom commits a crime, and if he does it is simple, violent and perfectly obvious. But our clever subtle murderer—he is so pleased with himself that sooner or later he says something unfortunate and trips himself up.

"Talk to these people, *mon cher*, do not confine yourself to simple interrogation. Encourage their views, demand their help, inquire about their hunches. —But, *bon dieu!* I do not need to teach you your business. I remember your abilities well enough."

Sharpe smiled gently. "Yes," he said, "I've always found—well, amiability—a great help."

The two men smiled at each other in mutual accord. Sharpe said slowly, "I suppose every single one of them is a possible murderer."

"I should think so," said Poirot

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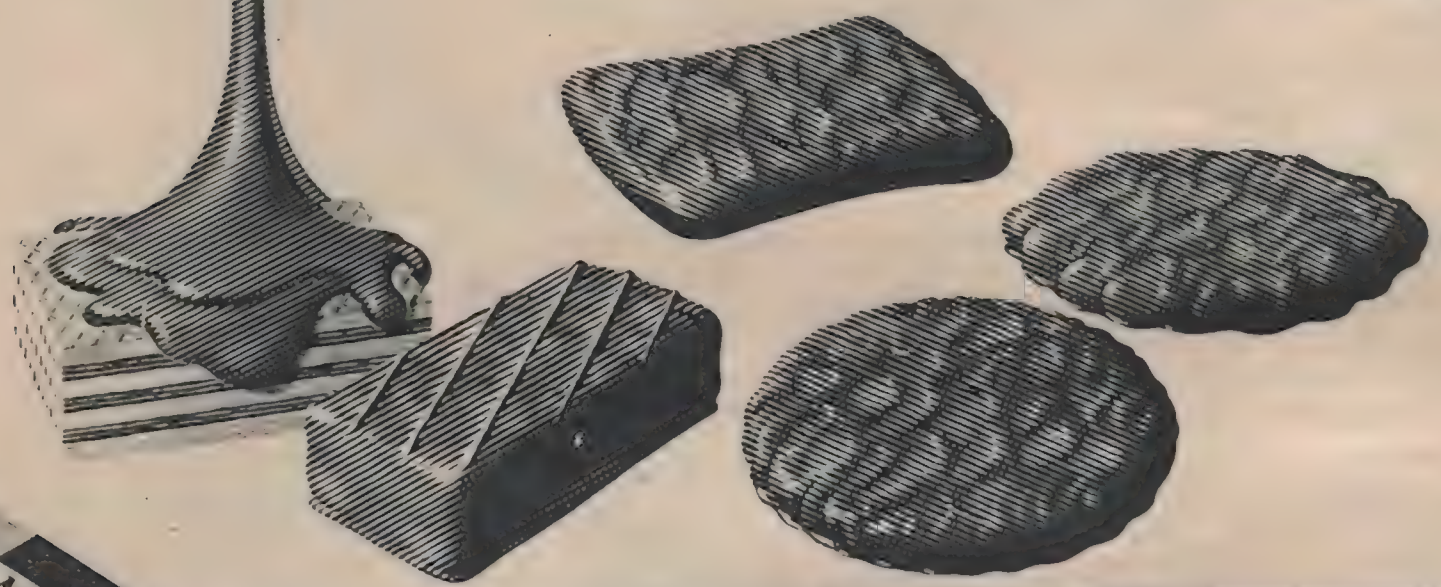

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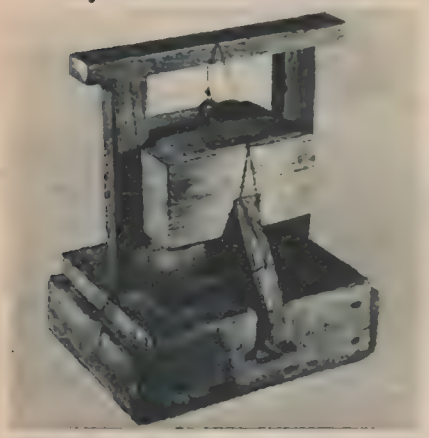
by GLYN DANIEL



THIS object is eight inches high and the base is six inches square. It is entirely wooden except for a metal plate and ring with string attached, on top of the central block. Is it . . .

(a) A child's toy guillotine?
(b) A home-made mousetrap?
(c) A cheese press?
(d) A card-printing device?

Glyn Daniel tells you more on page 46

nonchalantly. "Leonard Bateson, for instance, has a temper. He could lose control. Valerie Hobhouse has brains and could plan cleverly. Nigel Chapman is the childish type that lacks proportion. Patricia Lane is a maternal type and maternal types are always ruthless.

"The American girl, Sally Finch, is cheerful and gay, but she could play an assumed part better than most. Jean Tomlinson is very full of sweetness and righteousness, but we have all known killers who attended Sunday School with sincere devotion. The West Indian girl, Elizabeth Johnston, has probably the best brains of anyone in the hostel. She has subordinated her emotional life to her brain—that is dangerous.

"There is a charming young African who might have motives for killing about which we haven't guessed. We have Colin McNabb, the psychologist. How many psychologists does one know to whom it might be said: 'Physician, heal thyself'? And then there is——"

"For heaven's sake, Poirot. You are making my head spin! Is nobody incapable of murder?"

"I have often wondered," said Hercule Poirot.

Inspector Sharpe sighed and rubbed his forehead with a handkerchief. He was pretty certain that none of the students he had interviewed so far had had anything to do with or could throw any light on the death of Celia Austin.

His next interview was with Nigel Chapman, who was inclined to take the conduct of the conversation into his own hands.

"This is an absolutely extraordinary business, isn't it?" he said. "Mind you, I had an idea that you were barking up the wrong tree when you insisted on suicide. I must say, it's rather gratifying to me to think that the whole thing hinges, really, on her having filled her fountain pen with my green ink. Just the one thing the murderer couldn't possibly foresee. I suppose you've given due consideration as to what can possibly be the motive for this crime?"

"I'm asking the questions, Mr. Chapman," said Inspector Sharpe dryly.

"Oh, of course, of course," said Nigel, airily waving a hand. "I was trying to make a bit of a short cut of it, that was all. But I suppose we've got to go through with all the red tape as usual. Name, Nigel Chapman. Age, twenty-five. I'm taking a London University degree in Ancient and Medieval History. Anything else you want to know?"

"What is your home address, Mr. Chapman?"

"No home address, my dear sir. I have a papa, but he and I have quarrelled, and his address is therefore no longer mine. So 26 Hickory Road will always find me, as one says to travelling acquaintances whom one hopes one will never meet again."

Inspector Sharpe displayed no reaction towards Nigel's airy impertinence. He had met Nigels before, and suspected that the impertinence masked a natural nervousness of being questioned in connection with murder.

"How well did you know Celia Austin?" he asked.

"That's really quite a difficult question. I knew her very well in the sense of seeing her practically every day, and being on quite cheerful terms with her, but actually I didn't *know* her at all. Of course, I wasn't in the least bit interested in her and I think she probably disapproved of me, if anything."

"Did she disapprove of you for any particular reason?"

"Well, she didn't like my sense of humour very much. Then, of course, I wasn't one of those brooding, rude young men like Colin McNabb. That kind of rudeness is really the perfect technique for attracting women."

"When was the last time you saw Celia Austin?"

"At dinner yesterday evening. We'd all given her the big hand, you know. Colin had got up and told us, in a coy and bashful way, that they were engaged. Then we all ragged him a bit, and that was that."

"Was that at dinner or in the common-room?"

"Oh, at dinner. Afterwards, when we went into the common-room, Colin went off somewhere."

"And the rest of you had coffee in the common-room?"

"If you call the fluid they serve coffee—yes," said Nigel.

"Did Celia Austin have coffee?"

"Well, I suppose so. I didn't actually notice."

"You did not personally hand her her coffee?"

"How horribly suggestive all this is! When you said that and looked at me in that searching way, you know, I felt quite certain that I had handed Celia her coffee and had filled it up with strychnine, or whatever it was. Actually, Mr. Sharpe, I didn't go near her. And I can assure you that I have never had any passion for Celia myself, and that the announcement of her engagement to Colin McNabb aroused no feelings of murderous revenge in me."

SHARPE said mildly, "I'm not really suggesting anything of the kind, Mr. Chapman. Unless I'm very much mistaken, there's no particular love angle to this, but somebody wanted Celia Austin out of the way."

"I simply can't imagine why, Inspector. It's really most intriguing, because Celia was a perfectly harmless kind of girl. Thoroughly nice; and absolutely, I should say, not the kind of girl to get herself murdered."

"Were you surprised that it was Celia who had been responsible for the various thefts and so on?"

"My dear man, you could have knocked me over with a feather! Most uncharacteristic, I thought."

"You didn't, perhaps, put her up to doing these things?"

Nigel's stare of surprise seemed quite genuine. "I? Put her up to it? Why should I?"

"Well, some people have a funny sense of humour."

"I may be dense, but I can't see anything amusing about all this silly pilfering that's been going on."

"Not your idea of a joke?"

"It never occurred to me it was meant to be funny. Surely, Inspector, the thefts were purely psychological?"

"You definitely consider that Celia Austin was a kleptomaniac?"

"But surely there can't be any other explanation?"

"Perhaps you don't know as much

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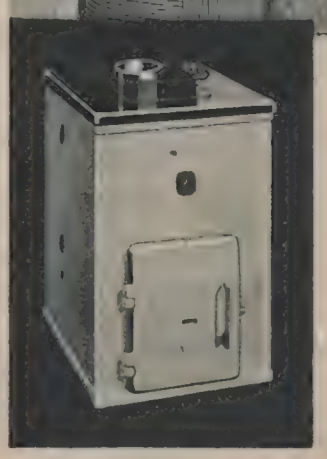

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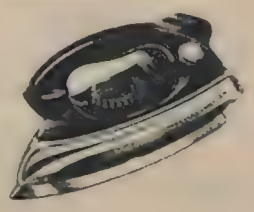

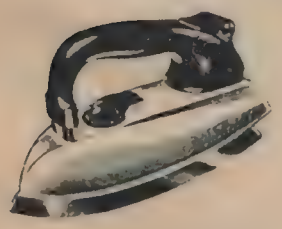

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about kleptomaniacs as I do, Mr. Chapman."

"Well, *I* really can't think of any other explanation."

"You don't think it's possible that someone might have put Miss Austin up to all this as a means of—say—arousing Mr. McNabb's interest in her?"

Nigel's eyes glistened with appreciative malice. "Now that really is a most diverting explanation," he said. "You know, when I think of it, it's perfectly possible and, of course, old Colin would swallow it, hook, line and sinker."

Nigel savoured this with much glee for a second or two. Then he shook his head sadly. "But Celia wouldn't have played," he said. "She was a serious girl. She'd never have made fun of Colin. She was soppy about him."

"You've no theory of your own, Mr. Chapman, about the things that have been going on in this house? About, for instance, the spilling of ink over Miss Johnston's papers?"

"If you're thinking I did it, Inspector Sharpe, that's quite untrue. Of course, it looks like me because of the green ink, but if you ask *me*, that was just spite."

"What was spite?"

"Using my ink. Somebody deliberately used my ink to make it look like me. There's a lot of spite about here, Inspector."

The inspector looked at him sharply. "Now what exactly do you mean by a lot of spite about?"

But Nigel immediately drew back into his shell and became noncommittal. "I didn't mean anything really—just that when a lot of people are cooped up together, they get rather petty."

LEONARD BATESON was the next person on Inspector Sharpe's list; and he was even less at his ease than Nigel, though it showed in a different way. He was suspicious and truculent.

"All right!" he burst out, after the first routine inquiries were concluded. "*I* poured out Celia's coffee and gave it to her. So what?"

"You gave her her after-dinner coffee—is that what you're saying, Mr. Bateson?"

"Yes. At least, I filled the cup from the urn and put it down beside her, and you can believe it or not, but there was no morphia in it."

"You saw her drink it?"

"No. We were all moving around and I got into an argument with someone just after that. I didn't notice when she drank it. There were other people round her." Len paused, and then burst out aggressively: "What the hell do you think I'd want to poison the kid for? I'd nothing against her."

"I've not suggested that you did want to poison her."

"She took the stuff herself. She must have. There's no other explanation."

"We might think so, if it weren't for that faked suicide note."

"Faked my hat! She wrote it, didn't she?"

"She wrote it as part of a letter, early that morning."

"Well—she could have torn a bit out and used it as a suicide note."

"Come now, Mr. Bateson. If you wanted to write a suicide note you'd write one. You wouldn't take a letter you'd written to somebody else and carefully tear out one particular phrase."

"I might do. People do all sorts of funny things."

"In that case, where is the rest of the letter?"

"How should I know? That's your business, not mine."

"I'm making it my business. You'd be well advised, Mr. Bateson, to answer my questions civilly."

"Well, what do you want to know? I didn't kill the girl, and I'd no motive for killing her."

"You liked her?"

Len said less aggressively: "I liked her very much. She was a nice kid."

"You believed her when she owned up to having committed the thefts which had been worrying everyone for some time past?"

"Well, I believed her, of course, since she said so. But I must say it seemed odd."

"You didn't think it was a likely thing for her to do?"

"Well, no. Not really." Leonard's truculence had subsided now that he was no longer on the defensive and was giving his mind to a problem which obviously intrigued him. "She didn't seem to be the kleptomaniac type," he added. "Nor a thief either."

INSPECTOR SHARPE asked him, "And, Mr. Bateson, you can't think of any other reason for her having done what she did?" "Other reason? What other reason could there be?"

"Well, she might have wanted to arouse the interest of Mr. Colin McNabb."

"That's a bit far-fetched, isn't it?"

"But it did arouse his interest."

"Yes, of course it did. Old Colin's dead keen on any kind of psychological abnormality."

"Well, then. If Celia Austin knew that . . ."

Len shook his head. "You're wrong there. She wouldn't have been capable of thinking a thing like that out. She hadn't got the knowledge."

"You've got the knowledge, though, haven't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that, out of a purely kindly intention, you might have suggested something of the kind to her."

Len gave a short laugh. "Think I'd do a damn fool thing like that? You're crazy."

The inspector shifted his ground. "Do you think that Celia Austin spilled the ink over Elizabeth Johnston's papers or do you think someone else did it?"

"Someone else. Celia said she didn't do that and I believe her. Celia never got riled by Bess; not like some other people did."

"Who got riled by her—and why?"

"She ticked people off, you know. Anyone who made a rash statement. And it was riling—especially to people who like making rash statements, like Nigel Chapman, for instance."

"Ah, yes. Nigel Chapman."

"And it was green ink, too."

"So you think it was Nigel?"

"Well, it's possible, at least. He's a spiteful sort of cove."

Sharpe asked a few more desultory questions but Len Bateson had nothing useful to add.

Next, Sharpe saw Valerie Hobhouse. Valerie was cool, elegant and wary. She displayed much less nervousness than either of the men had done. She had been fond of Celia, she said. Celia was not particularly bright and it was rather pathetic the way she had set her heart on Colin McNabb.

"Do you think she was a kleptomaniac, Miss Hobhouse?"

"Well, I suppose so. I don't really know much about the subject."

"Do you think anyone put her up to doing what she did?"

Valerie shrugged her shoulders. "You mean in order to attract that pompous ass Colin?"

"You're very quick on the point, Miss Hobhouse. Yes, that's what I mean. You didn't suggest it to her yourself, I suppose?"

Valerie looked amused. "Well, hardly, my dear man, considering that a particularly favourite scarf of mine was cut to ribbons."

"Who did you think was responsible

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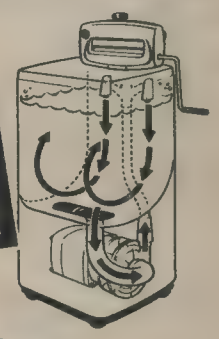

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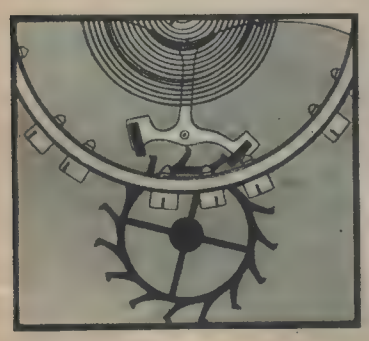

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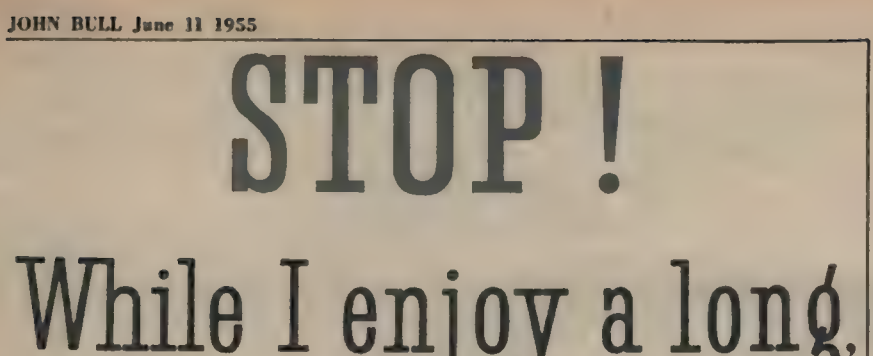

for that—and the slashed rucksack?"

Valerie shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. Was there a slashed rucksack? I'd forgotten. That seems very pointless."

"You've been here a good long time, haven't you, Miss Hobhouse?"

"Well, yes. I should say I'm probably the oldest inhabitant."

"So you probably know more about this hostel than anybody else?"

"I should say so, yes."

"Have you any ideas of your own about Celia Austin's death? Any idea of the motive that underlay it?"

Valerie shook her head. Her face was serious now. "No," she said. "It was a horrible thing to happen. I can't see anybody who could possibly have wanted Celia to die. She was a nice, harmless child, and she'd just got engaged to be married, and . . ."

"Yes. And?" the inspector prompted.

"I wondered if that was why," said Valerie slowly. "Because she'd got engaged. Because she was going to be happy. But that means, doesn't it, somebody—well—mad."

She said the word with a little shiver, and Inspector Sharpe looked at her thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said. "We can't quite rule out madness." He went on: "Have you any theory about the damage done to Elizabeth Johnston's notes?"

"Well. . . . Not a reasonable theory."

"But an unreasonable one?"

"You don't want to hear something that's just a hunch, do you, Inspector?"

"I'd like to hear a hunch very much. I'll accept it as such, and it'll only be between ourselves."

"Well, I may probably be quite wrong, but I've got a sort of idea that it was Patricia Lane's work."

"Indeed! Now you do surprise me, Miss Hobhouse. I shouldn't have thought of Patricia Lane. She seems a very well-balanced, amiable young lady."

"I don't say she did do it. I just had a sort of idea she might have done."

"For what reason in particular?"

"WELL, Patricia disliked Black Bess. Black Bess was always ticking off Patricia's beloved Nigel, putting him right, you know, when he made silly statements in the way he does sometimes."

"You think it was more likely to have been Patricia Lane than Nigel himself?"

"Oh, yes. I don't think Nigel would bother, and he'd certainly not go using his own pet brand of ink. He's got plenty of brains. But it's just the sort of stupid thing that Patricia would do, without thinking that it might involve her precious Nigel as a suspect."

"Or again, it might be somebody who had a down on Nigel Chapman and wanted to suggest that it was his doing?"

"Yes, that's another possibility."

"Who dislikes Nigel Chapman?"

"Oh, well, Jean Tomlinson for one. And he and Len Bateson are always scrapping a good deal."

"Have you any ideas, Miss Hobhouse, how morphia could have been administered to Celia Austin?"

"I've been thinking and thinking. Of course, I suppose the coffee is the most obvious way. We were all milling around in the common-room. Celia's coffee was on a small table near her. I suppose anybody who had sufficient nerve could have dropped a tablet or something into her cup without being seen."

"The morphia," said Inspector Sharpe, "was not in tablet form. It was powder."

Valerie frowned. "That would be rather more difficult, wouldn't it?"

"Anything else besides coffee you can think of?"

"She sometimes had a glass of hot milk before she went to bed."

Sharpe sat back. "Well—thank you, Miss Hobhouse. Will you send Miss Lane to me now?"

PATRICIA LANE looked worried, but not apprehensive. Questions and answers elicited nothing very new. Asked about the damage to Elizabeth Johnston's papers, Patricia said that she had no doubt that Celia had been responsible.

"But she denied it, Miss Lane, very vehemently."

"Well, of course," said Patricia. "She would. I think she was ashamed of having done it. But it fits in with all the other things."

"Do you know what I find about this case, Miss Lane? That nothing fits in very well."

"I suppose," said Patricia, flushing, "that you think it was Nigel who messed up Bess's papers. Because of the ink. That's absolute *nonsense*."

"He didn't always get on very well with Miss Johnston, did he?"

"Oh, she had an annoying manner sometimes, but he didn't really mind." Patricia Lane leaned forward earnestly. "I would like to try and make you understand one or two things, Inspector. About Nigel Chapman, I mean. You see, Nigel is really very much his own worst enemy. He's rude and sarcastic and makes fun of people, but really he's quite different from what he seems. He's one of those shy, rather unhappy people who really want to be liked but who find themselves saying and doing the opposite to what they mean to say and do."

"Ah," said Inspector Sharpe. "Rather unfortunate for them, that."

"Yes, but they really can't help it, you know. It comes from having had an unfortunate childhood. Nigel had a very unhappy home life. His father was very harsh and severe and never understood him. And his father treated his mother very badly. After she died they had the most terrific quarrel and Nigel flung out of the house and his father disowned him. A small amount of money came to him under his mother's will, and he never wrote to his father or went near him again.

"I don't wonder that that's made Nigel bitter and difficult to get on with. Since his mother died, he's never had anyone to care for him and look after him. His health's not been good, though his mind is brilliant. He is handicapped in life and he just can't show himself as he really is."

Patricia Lane stopped. She was flushed and a little breathless as the result of her long, earnest speech. Inspector Sharpe looked at her thoughtfully. "In love with the chap, he thought to himself. Don't suppose he cares twopence for her, but probably accepts being mothered.

He wondered if Nigel had been attracted at all to Celia Austin. It seemed unlikely, but it might be so. And if so, he thought, Patricia Lane might have bitterly resented the fact.

Resented it enough to murder? Surely not—and in any case, the fact

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that Celia had got engaged to Colin NcNabb would surely wash that out as a possible motive for murder. He dismissed Patricia Lane and asked for Jean Tomlinson.

Miss Tomlinson was a severe-looking young woman of twenty-seven with fair hair, regular features and a rather pursed-up mouth. She sat down and said primly: "Yes, Inspector? What can I do for you?"

"I wonder if you can help us at all, Miss Tomlinson, about this very tragic matter."

"It's shocking. Really quite shocking," said Jean. "It was bad enough when we thought Celia had committed suicide, but now that it's supposed to be murder. . . ." She stopped and shook her head sadly.

"We are fairly sure that she did not poison herself," said Sharpe. "You know where the poison came from?"

Jean nodded. "I gather it came from St. Catherine's Hospital, where she worked. But surely that makes it seem more like suicide?"

"It was intended to, no doubt."

"But who else could possibly have got that poison except Celia?"

"Quite a lot of people," said Inspector Sharpe. "Even you yourself, Miss Tomlinson," he said, "might have managed to help yourself to it if you had wished to do so."

"Really, Inspector Sharpe!" Jean's tones were sharp with indignation.

"Well, you visited the dispensary fairly often, didn't you, Miss Tomlinson?"

"I went in there to see Mildred Carey, yes. But naturally I would never have dreamed of tampering with the poison cupboard."

"But you could have done so?"

JEAN flushed. "I resent what you say very much, Inspector Sharpe," she said. "It's—it's—a disgraceful accusation."

"But it's not an accusation, Miss Tomlinson. I'm just saying that you could have done so. I'm not suggesting for a moment that you did. After all," he added, "why should you?"

"Quite so. You don't seem to realize, Inspector Sharpe, that I was a friend of Celia's."

"Had you any reason to suspect it was she who had been responsible for the thefts?"

"No, indeed. I was never so surprised in my life. I always thought Celia had high principles. I wouldn't have dreamed of her doing such a thing."

"Of course," said Sharpe, watching her carefully, "kleptomaniacs can't really help themselves, can they?"

Jean Tomlinson's lips pursed themselves together even more closely. Then she said: "I can't say I can quite subscribe to *that* idea, Inspector Sharpe. I'm old-fashioned in my views and believe that stealing is stealing."

"There was a question, I understand, of our being called in—the police, I mean. Perhaps you think that ought to have been done?"

"I think it should. I don't think people ought to be allowed to get away with these things."

"With calling oneself a kleptomaniac when one is really a thief, do you mean?"

"Well, more or less, yes—that is what I mean."

INSPECTOR SHARPE said, "Instead of which everything was ending happily, and Miss Austin had wedding bells ahead."

"Of course, one isn't surprised at anything Colin McNabb does," said Jean Tomlinson viciously. "I'm sure he's an atheist and a most disbelieving, mocking, unpleasant young man. He backed up Celia, I think, because he hasn't got any proper feeling about property.

"Still, at any rate," said Inspector Sharpe, "Miss Austin did own up."

"After she was found out," Jean said sharply.

"Who found her out?"

"That Mr. Poirot who came."

"But why do you think he found her out? He didn't say so. He just advised calling in the police."

"He must have shown her that he knew. She obviously knew the game was up and rushed off to confess."

"What about the ink on Elizabeth Johnston's papers? Did she confess to that?"

"I really don't know. I suppose so."

"You suppose wrong," said Sharpe. "She denied most vehemently that she had anything to do with that."

"Well, perhaps that may be so. I must say it doesn't seem very likely."

"You think it is more likely that it was Nigel Chapman?"

"No, I don't think Nigel would do that either."

Sharpe changed the subject. He said: "When was the last time you saw Celia Austin?"

"After dinner on Friday night."

"You've no idea who could have introduced morphia into her coffee?—if it was given that way?"

"No idea at all."

"You never saw this morphia lying about the house or in anyone's room?"

"No. No, I don't think so."

"You don't think so? What do you mean by that, Miss Tomlinson?"

"Well, I just wondered. There was that silly bet, you know."

"What bet?"

"Oh, two or three of the boys were

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arguing about murder and ways of doing it. Poisoning in particular."

"Who was concerned in the discussion?"

"Well, I think Colin and Nigel started it, and then Len Bateson chipped in and Patricia was there too——"

"Can you remember, as closely as possible, what was said on that occasion—how the argument went?"

Jean Tomlinson reflected for a few moments. "Well, it started, I think, with a discussion on murdering by poisoning, somebody saying that the difficulty was to get hold of the poison, and Nigel said that he could think of three distinct ways by which anyone could get hold of poison, and nobody would ever know they had it.

"Len Bateson said then that he was talking through his hat. Nigel said no he wasn't, and he was quite prepared to prove it. Pat said that of course Nigel was quite right. She said that either Len or Colin could probably help themselves to poison any time they liked from a hospital, and so could Celia.

"But Nigel said that wasn't what he meant at all. He said it would be noticed if Celia took anything from the dispensary. Sooner or later they'd look for it and find it gone. And Pat said no, not if she took the bottle and emptied some stuff out and filled it up with something else.

"Then Nigel said of course he didn't mean special opportunities. He said that he himself, who hadn't got any particular access, could jolly well get three different kinds of poison by three different methods. He said he was prepared to bet that within three weeks he could produce samples of three deadly poisons. And Len Bateson said he'd bet him a fiver he couldn't."

"Well?" said Inspector Sharpe, when Jean stopped.

"Well, nothing more came of it, I think, for some time, and then one evening, in the common-room, Nigel said: 'Now, then, chaps, look here—I'm as good as my word.' And he threw down three things on the table. He had a tube of hyoscine tablets, a bottle of tinctura digitalis and a tiny bottle of morphine tartrate."

The inspector said sharply: "Morphine tartrate. Any label on it?"

"Yes, it had St. Catherine's Hospital on it. I remember that because, naturally, it caught my eye."

"And the others?"

"I didn't notice. They were not hospital stores, I should say."

"What happened next?"

Jean continued: "Well, of course, there was a lot of talk, and Len Bateson said: 'Come now, if you'd done a murder, this would be traced to you soon enough.' And Nigel said: 'Not a bit of it. I'm a layman. I've no connection with any clinic or hospital and nobody will connect me for one moment with these. I didn't buy them over the counter.' And Colin McNabb took his pipe out of his mouth and said: 'No, you'd certainly not be able to do that. There's no chemist would sell you those three things without a doctor's prescription.'

"Anyway, they argued a bit, but in the end Len said he'd pay up. And then he said: 'What are we going to do with the guilty spoils?' Nigel grinned and said they'd better get rid of them before any accidents occurred, so they emptied out the tube and threw the tablets on the fire and emptied out the powder from the morphine tartrate and threw that on the fire too. The tinctura digitalis they poured down the lavatory."

"And the bottles?"

"I don't know what happened to the bottles. I should think they probably were just thrown into the waste-paper basket."

"But the poison itself was destroyed?"

"Yes, I'm sure of that. I saw it."

"And that was—when?"

"About a fortnight ago I think."

"I see. Thank you, Miss Tomlinson."

Inspector Sharpe remained brooding for a few moments. Then he had Nigel Chapman in again. "I've just had a rather interesting statement from Miss Jean Tomlinson," he said.

"Ah! Who's dear Jean been poisoning your mind against? Me?"

"She's been talking about poison, and in connection with you, Mr. Chapman."

"Poison and me? What on earth?"

"Do you deny that some weeks ago you had a wager with Mr. Bateson about methods of obtaining poison in some way that could not be traced to you?"

"Oh, that!" Nigel was suddenly enlightened. "Yes, of course! Funny I never thought of that. But you don't think it could have any possible significance, do you?"

"Well, one doesn't know. You admit the fact; then?"

"Oh, yes."

"I see." Sharpe frowned. "About those methods. There were three of them, I believe?"

Nigel put his head a little on one side. "Aren't you asking me to incriminate myself?" he said. "Surely you ought to warn me?"

"It hasn't come to warning you yet, Mr. Chapman, but, of course, there's no need for you to incriminate yourself, as you put it. In fact, you're perfectly entitled to refuse my questions if you like to do so."

"I don't know that I want to refuse." Nigel considered for a moment or two, a slight smile playing round his lips. "If it's got any bearing on poor little Celia's death, I suppose I ought to tell you."

"That would certainly be the sensible point of view to take. Now—what were these three methods?"

"Well," Nigel leaned back in his chair. "One's always reading in the papers, isn't one, about doctors losing dangerous drugs from a car? People are being warned about it."

"Yes."

"Well, it occurred to me that one very simple method would be to follow a G.P. about on his rounds, and then, when occasion offered—just open the car, look in the doctor's case, and extract what you wanted. I had to sleuth three doctors until I had found a suitably careless one, but, when I did, it was simplicity itself. I opened the car door, looked in the case, took out a tube of hyoscine hydrobromide, and that was that."

"Ah! And method number two?"

"That entailed just a little pumping of dear Celia, as a matter of fact. She was quite unsuspicious. I simply talked a bit about the mumbo-jumbo Latin of doctor's prescriptions, and asked her to write me out a prescription in the way a doctor writes it, for tinctura digitalis. She obliged quite unsuspectingly.

"All I had to do after that was to find a doctor in the street directory, living in a far-off district of London, add his initials or slightly illegible signature. I then took it to a chemist in a busy part of London and received the prescription made up without any difficulty at all. I had written out the prescription on hotel notepaper."

"Very ingenious," said Inspector Sharpe, dryly. "And the third method?"

Nigel did not reply at once. Then he said: "Look here. What exactly am I letting myself in for?"

"The theft of drugs from an unlocked car is larceny," said Inspector Sharpe. "Forging a prescription. . . ."

Nigel said with a rather wry smile: "You see what I mean? I'm sticking my neck out. If you like to turn nasty over this—well—I'm obviously for it. On the other hand, if . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Chapman? On the other hand?"

Nigel said with a sudden passion: "I don't like murder. It's a beastly, horrible thing. Celia, poor little devil, didn't deserve to be murdered. I want to help."

"The police have a good deal of latitude, Mr. Chapman. It's up to them to look upon certain happenings as a lighthearted prank of an irresponsible nature. Now please go on, and tell me about your third method."

"Well," said Nigel, "we're coming fairly near the bone now. It was a bit more risky than the other two, but at the same time it was a great deal more fun. You see, I'd been to visit Celia once or twice in her dispensary. I knew the lie of the land there. . . ."

"So you were able to pinch the bottle out of the cupboard?"

"No, no, nothing as simple as that. That wouldn't have been fair from my point of view. And, incidentally, if it had been a *real* murder—that is, if I had been stealing the poison for the purpose of murder—it would probably be remembered that I had been there.

"No. I knew that Celia always went into the back room at eleven fifteen for a cup of coffee and a biscuit. The girls went in turn. There was a new girl there who wouldn't know me by sight. So what I did was this. I strolled into the dispensary with a white coat on and a stethoscope round my neck. There was only the new girl there and she was busy at the outpatients' hatch. I strolled in, went along to the poison cupboard, took out a bottle, and strolled out again. It was child's play. Celia never even knew I'd been there."

"A stethoscope," said Inspector Sharpe curiously. "Where did you get a stethoscope?"

Nigel grinned suddenly. "It was Len Bateson's," he said. "I pinched it."

"So that explains the theft of the stethoscope. What did you do with it afterwards?"

"Well, I had to pawn it," said Nigel apologetically. "I didn't know what else to do with it."

"You're a very irresponsible young man," said Inspector Sharpe.

"You should have seen their faces," said Nigel, his grin widening, "when

It's The Custom . . . in HAWICK

Led by the Cornet, the riders muster. Festivities last a week

The Cornet misses a battle for snuff

BECAUSE he was Cornet of the Common-Riding at the Scottish border town of Hawick in 1953, James Turnbull was too busy to take part in the snuff-taking at the Kirkstile, near St. Mary's Church. The snuff-taking is always held at six o'clock in the morning of the Friday in the week of festivities. The Official Singer of Hawick (pronounced Hoyick) stands at the Kirkstile holding up a horn of snuff. The crowd swarms round him, trying to get a pinch of it.

"I got a pinch in 1952," says Turnbull, "though I was bowled over by the crowd. The Official Singer is usually battered about a bit, too."

Many different traditions are preserved in the Common-Riding as it is known today. First and foremost, it recalls the days when the men of Hawick rode round the boundaries of their common land to show others it was not for the taking. And it also commemorates past battles, and marks the last traces of ancient midsummer rites.

Chief of the battles it commemorates is a Hawick victory over the English in 1514, the year after the Scottish defeat at the battle of Flodden. While the men of the town were away, the youths rode out one day and surprised a party of marauding soldiers and captured their pennant. A special Chase recalls this great occasion.

The key figure in the festivities is the Cornet, who must be a young, unmarried Hawick man. He is given a £250 allowance to cover his expenses—and he needs every penny of it. He has to buy two expensive suits of clothes—an elaborate hunting costume and full morning dress—and often a horse as well, for he leads most of the events personally on horseback.

During the week of the Riding—the week following the first Monday in June—there are processions, gatherings, sing-songs or races every day. One of the most important ceremonies is the Bussing of the Colour: tying blue and gold ribbons (the Hawick colours) to the top of a replica of the flag captured in the sixteenth century. The job is done by a girl, the Cornet's Lass, who is his official partner throughout the Riding.

On the Friday, the Cornet's Breakfast is held at the Tower Hotel, and then the horsemen muster to ride the marches, or boundaries, of the common land. At one point, the Cornet cuts and turns a sod of earth.

This Riding takes place from eight thirty in the morning until early afternoon, when the Cornet, accompanied by his men, rides out to plant his flag in the Cobble Pool. In the evening comes the ball, which lasts to sunrise on Saturday. Still the Cornet's job is not finished. There are rides on Saturday morning, and in the afternoon the Cornet takes part in sporting events on Hawick Moor.

"I was pretty tired by then," says James Turnbull. "In the pillow fighting, my opponent, Jackie Wright, knocked me off the greasy pole in our first fight. But I got the better of him when I met him again in a return match."

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I threw down those three lethal preparations on the table."

"What you're telling me is," said the inspector, "that you had the means of poisoning someone by three different poisons and that in each case the poison could not have been traced to you."

Nigel nodded. "That's fair enough," he said. "And, given the circumstances, it's not a very pleasant thing to admit. But the point is that the poisons were all disposed of at least a fortnight ago or longer."

"That is what you think, Mr. Chapman, but it may not really be so."

Nigel stared at him. "What do you mean?"

"You had these things in your possession, how long?"

NIGEL considered. "Well, the tube of hyoscine about ten days, I suppose. The morphine tartrate about four days. The tinctura digitalis I'd only got that very afternoon."

"And where did you keep these things, the hyoscine hydrobromide and the morphine tartrate, that is to say?"

"In my chest-of-drawers, pushed to the back under my socks."

"Did anyone know you had them there?"

"No. No, I'm sure they didn't."

There had been, however, a faint hesitation in his voice which Inspector Sharpe noticed, but for the moment he did not press the point.

"Did you tell anyone what you were doing?" he asked.

"Well—yes I did actually. As a matter of fact, I told Pat. I'm sorry to say she wasn't amused."

"Did you tell her you were going to destroy this stuff after you'd won the bet?"

"Yes. And of course we did. We three just chucked the stuff on the fire and poured it down the lavatory, and that was that. No harm done."

"You say that, Mr. Chapman, but it's quite possible that harm was done."

"How can it have been, if the stuff was chucked away as I tell you?"

"Has it ever occurred to you, Mr. Chapman, that someone might have seen where you put those things, or found them perhaps, and that someone might have emptied morphia out of the bottle and replaced it with something else?"

"Good Lord, no!" Nigel stared at Sharpe blankly.

"But it's a possibility, Mr. Chapman."

"But nobody could possibly have known."

"I should say," said the inspector dryly, "that in a place of this kind a great deal more is known than you yourself might believe possible."

"Snooping, you mean?"

"Yes. Which of the students might normally, at any time, be in your room?"

"Well, I share it with Len Bateson, and most of the men here have been in it now and again. Not the girls, of course. The girls aren't supposed to come to the bedroom floors on our side of the house."

"They're not supposed to, but they might do so?"

"Anyone *might*," said Nigel. "In the daytime. In the afternoon, for instance, there's nobody about."

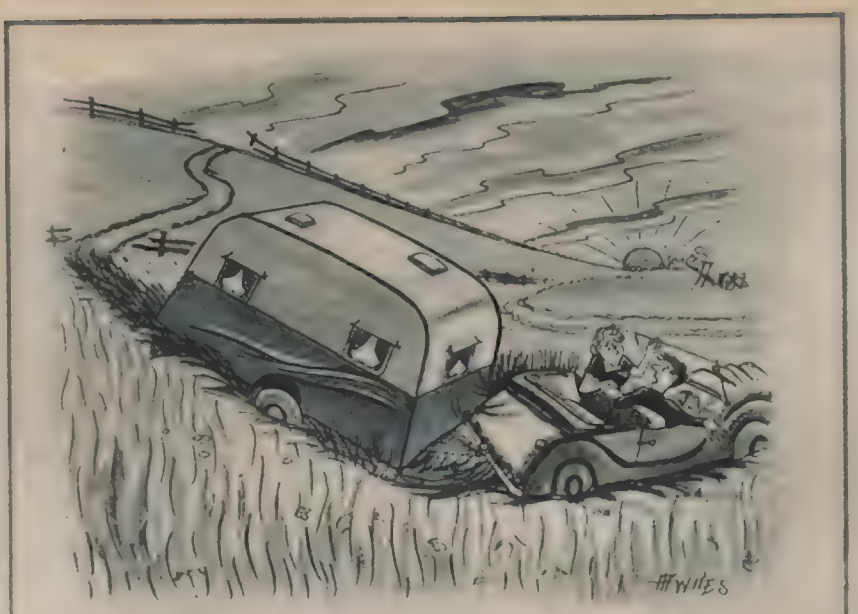
"Does Miss Lane ever come to your room?"

"I hope you don't mean that the way it sounds, Inspector. Pat comes to my room sometimes to replace some socks she's been darning. Nothing more than that."

Leaning forward Inspector Sharpe said: "You do realize, Mr. Chapman, that the person who could most easily have taken some of that poison out of the bottle and substituted something else for it was yourself?"

Nigel looked at him, his face suddenly hard and haggard. "Yes," he said. "I've seen that—just a minute and a half ago. I could have done just exactly that. But I'd no reason on earth for putting that girl out of the way, Inspector, and I didn't do it. Still, there it is, and I quite realize that you've only got my word for it."

To be continued next week



"Let's ask for permission to stay here the night"

THE ULTRA-VIOLET SMELL

Continued from page 32

promotion, but he soon discarded that idea. It never did to let anyone think he was indispensable. Accordingly, he had Hippolyte in, warned him that his work was still unsatisfactory, and offered him a last chance as dog's-body in the distilling section.

The new arrangement lasted for nearly ten years and brought in vast profits for Briant Frères. More and more work was thrown on Hippolyte as time went on, and soon he could operate the whole distilling apparatus by himself, and very often did. He even began to understand the chemical side of the business and started to make a few experiments on his own.

All this time it never occurred to him that he was the sole source of all the vast profits pouring into Briant Frères. He did, however, discover one day that he was paid fourpence a day less than anyone else in the distilling department, and from that moment the fat was in the fire.

It began quietly enough with Hippolyte going into Monsieur Georgeot's office and asking for a rise. He made quite a speech, and Monsieur Georgeot listened with his fingers crossed.

"Your work is quite good at the moment," the latter said blandly at the end. "But, if my memory is correct, you have had rises of fifty francs, one hundred francs, and two hundred francs, all in the last ten years."

"Those were not rises," Hippolyte said flatly. "They were adjustments to the cost of living. The first was worth half a loaf, the second a quarter, and the third a small *brioche*."

Monsieur Georgeot looked displeased. "And may I ask," he inquired icily, "what you would consider to be a rise?"

"Five hundred francs."

"Five hundred francs all at once! Do you think, my dear Hippolyte, that Briant Frères are made of gold?"

"Not of gold, Monsieur Georgeot, but of mille notes, and five hundred francs is only half of one of them."

MONSIEUR GEORGEOT drew a deep breath until his eyebrows quivered. He realized that he had a revolt on his hands, and now proceeded to try to squash it in the usual ineffective manner of civilized people.

"I am not a hard man, Hippolyte," he said almost genially. "And you have been with us a long time. In view of that service, quite satisfactory at times, I shall recommend to the board this very evening that your wages be raised."

"That is very good of you, Monsieur Georgeot."

"Then there is nothing more to be said, is there?"

"Only the amount of the rise."

Monsieur Georgeot glared at him. "I shall be generous," he said through his teeth. "I shall recommend the biggest rise we have ever given. Two hundred and fifty francs."

But this time Hippolyte was not to be put off.

"I asked for five hundred," he said firmly. "And I am not accepting less."

HIPPOLYTE still might not have gone to extremes if he had not been kicked out of Monsieur Georgeot's office. But he was kicked out, actually kicked, and now, methodically, he made his preparations. First, he finished the work in hand at the stills, and cleaned everything until it shone. He then collected his own few belongings and looked at the time. It was already five o'clock.

It was his job to arrange the flowers in the boardroom before the meeting at five thirty. So now he arranged the flowers most carefully.

At five fifteen he took a dropper and inserted a small quantity of liquid paraffin up his cavernous nostrils, brought out a scent-bottle and atomizer from a secret hiding place, and finally carried the flowers to the boardroom. There he placed the flowers right in the middle of the long polished table, poured three drops from the scent-bottle into the water in the vase, and then, carefully keeping his mouth shut all this time, came out and shut the door.

The ordinary workers clocked out at six and did so at a turnstile in single file. There was a dark cubby-hole behind the clocking machine, and here, at a quarter to six, Hippolyte installed himself with both scent-bottle and atomizer.

Still keeping his mouth shut, he atomized the clocking machine with the scent, both behind the ears, under the chin, and below the armpits, until the clock struck six. He then remained as quiet as a mouse while the workers slowly filed through.

It was nearly twenty past six when the last of them had passed, so he then finally clocked out himself and went calmly on his way.

The factory gate opened on to a small sloping *place*. The *mairie* was on one side, the church with its stone steps on another; there was a fountain in the middle, and pollarded plane trees all round the sides.

When Hippolyte emerged, this quiet, sedate little square presented an astonishing spectacle. There were bodies everywhere. They were draped round the fountain, sprawling on the steps of the church, clustered underneath the plane trees.

At first sight it looked like a massacre. But there was no blood about; and if you looked at the faces of the unconscious figures—as indeed some of the ordinary inhabitants were now doing—they all seemed to be having the very pleasantest dreams.

The onlookers quite naturally misunderstood the source of this secret happiness. A wife poured out a steady torrent of abuse as she tried to pull her inert husband to his feet. The police threatened arrest, fines, imprisonment, as they did the same thing to others. But there was no awakening any of those blissful sleepers. They just smiled stupidly and happily where they lay.

And a similar disgraceful scene awaited the authorities when they finally broke into the boardroom. The directors were all lying in abandoned heaps, on the table, under it, just as if they had had several pipes of the very best opium.

The first clue as to the nature of the epidemic came from the boardroom. The mayor and some of his assistants suddenly became quite hilarious there, made inappropriate jokes, and even started dancing. They felt better, however, or, more accurately, not so good, as soon as somebody opened the window.

Their first idea was that there must be an escape of laughing-gas somewhere. It never occurred to them at that stage that as well as an odourless gas there might be such a thing as a gaslike smell. But then, again, how could that be when they didn't smell anything?

The victims were still in the same happy trance the next morning, and the only people at work in the factory were the police.

Nobody had even thought of Hippolyte as yet. The police had no means of knowing that it was he who had placed the flowers in the boardroom, and they attached no importance to the fact that he was the last man to clock out.

By midday the story was a national sensation.

Wire, cable and radio buzzed by land, sea and air. Scientists, doctors, politicians and generals, all went into a huddle. None of the sleepers had yet woken up and, though their pulses were quite regular, nobody knew when they were going to.

But already the correct solution was being whispered very *sotto voce* in the highest places. If there were sounds that the human ear couldn't hear, as well as light which the human eye couldn't perceive, might there not also be an ultra-violet smell, undetectable by the nostrils but violent enough to smother all the senses?

This theory brought both defence and security into the picture. France possessed not a single A-bomb, and still less an H one; but wasn't this the answer to both of them? Any nation that could lull the enemy into a gentle sleep for twenty-four hours—for it was twenty-four hours by this time—surely must be master of the world?

Monsieur Georgeot came to, most reluctantly, at seven forty-five in the evening, over twenty-six hours after he had succumbed.

He was one of the earliest to do so, and the first question he asked was where Hippolyte was.

IT was only then that it was discovered how everything pointed to Hippolyte. He wasn't among the stricken, and nobody had seen him since he had clocked out last, the evening before. So now everybody feared the worst.

Police and soldiers were called out all over the country. Railway stations and airports were guarded: road blocks were made. Pandemonium reigned at the frontiers, and politicians went about with long faces, fearing that yet another indispensable scientist had gone behind the Iron Curtain.

This went on for nearly twelve hours; but then one police sergeant had the rudimentary idea of calling at Hippolyte's modest lodging, and there he was, calmly brushing his teeth.

The house was sealed off before the interrogation began, and that was both highly secret and highly unsatisfactory.

Could Monsieur Pochard assist the police with any explanation as to the strange events that had occurred at Messieurs Briant Frères?

Certainly he could. He had invented a new scentless scent which put people to sleep for twenty-four hours. It was

DRAMATICALLY
SLIMMING!

Our famous rubber Reducing Corset cut in the fashionable manner. A high-waisted hook-side model to mould the hips, neaten the waist, and flatten the mid-riff. In short, all the features you'd expect in a fashion-foundation, modelled in oh so slimming, fleecy-lined rubber. Adjustable back-lacing. Depth 16½ in. Waist 24 in. to 34 in.
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MONEY-BACK OFFER!
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Model V73

for Corsets

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quite harmless. He had tried it out one Sunday on himself.

Did he realize that this was a matter of very grave importance for the whole nation?

No, he didn't. He had merely wished to impress Briant Frères as to his capabilities.

Did he have any of the scent left?

No, he had thrown the bottle into the sea.

Well, then, the formula? He certainly still had the formula!

There never had been any formula. He could, of course, make the stuff again. But he had no intention of doing so.

Supposing they provided him with a laboratory of his own, and all the staff and money that he asked, would he not then perhaps reconsider the position?

No, he didn't think so. He was quite happy with Briant Frères. All he wanted was a rise of five hundred francs.

Did he not realize that rather more was concerned than his own happiness? (Bribery having failed, the authorities now began to get tough.) There were, for instance, several charges outstanding against him, including that of attempted murder. What had he got to say to that?

Nothing at all, except that he hadn't killed anyone and had never intended to.

Did he not see that he would have to stay in prison while the matter was being investigated? That is, of course, if he still refused to go on making the stuff.

No, that hadn't occurred to him. But he would rather go to prison than make the stuff for people who might use it indiscriminately.

IN prison, Hippolyte was guarded like all the gold in Fort Knox, but in spite of that he walked out in broad daylight only ten days later.

How he got the stuff into the prison, nobody knows. Some say it was concealed up his cavernous nose. Others that it was hidden in the long French loaf which a small boy brought for him every day.

But whichever it was, it was certainly there. The warder was standing by the door while two expert interrogators tried to soften Hippolyte up for the hundredth time in his cell. Suddenly his patience was exhausted. He just gave a pouf-pouf with something in his hand, first at one interrogator, and then at the other.

They just had time to say: "Excuse me," before they were violently sick. A moment later, the same thing happened to the warder, and Hippolyte walked out slowly down the long corridor.

The general opinion this time was that the scientists had been very slow off the mark in not realizing what might happen. If, at one end of the scale, there was an odourless ultra-violet smell so sweet that it provided pleasant dreams for twenty-four hours, it was surely only natural that at the other end there was an odourless infra-red smell, so sickly that it induced all the symptoms of acute sea-sickness for the same period.

Anyway, that apparently was the situation.

Hippolyte had to use the pouf-pouf again at the prison gate; but it was just as effective there as it had been in the cell.

Outside, nobody noticed him, and he walked calmly and unmolested through the streets.

Later, as he got up into the hills he loved so well, a peasant did notice the remarkable nose, and came forward threateningly. But, once more, one pouf-pouf was enough, and the peasant went reeling to the nearest low wall as though it were the side of a ship.

And that, unfortunately, is the end of the story. Governments have fallen, alliances been ripped asunder, but Hippolyte has not been seen again. Both for his sake and for ours, it is to be hoped that he never is; for if either of his inventions is ever used professionally, it is sure to be the sea-sick one.

THE END

TWO WORDS FIGHT THE BATTLE OF THIRST

Continued from page 27

house. Though unable to reproduce the basic syrup, chemists say that it is half sugar and half water with added vanilla, caffeine, an extract from cocoa leaves and cola nuts, phosphoric acid, and an unknown quantity.

Every month, Heath or Wells retires to a small room in Baltimore to mix this unknown essence. Supplies of it are periodically sent to England. Because currency regulations forbid an allocation of dollars, the Coca-Cola Company gives them free and also pays the import duty.

These are then mixed with other ingredients at a factory in Chiswick, London, to make a concentrate which is sold to bottlers in the United Kingdom, the Mediterranean, the Middle East and certain Empire countries. From here, Delecta gets its supplies. In the syrup room, each gallon jar of concentrate is mixed in stainless steel tanks with four hundredweights of sugar. The mixture is then made up to sixty-six gallons with water.

Drink Began To Foam

Since it is impossible to standardize taste without standardizing water, most bottlers have a water treatment plant. That this is an added guarantee of purity was well illustrated by a recent incident in the United States.

At 1 p.m., on a Tuesday, a bottler who was not using a treatment plant phoned quality control headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. "My product's off-colour," he said. "It's foaming wildly—and there's half an inch of scum on top." A mobile laboratory arrived at his plant that afternoon. A technician examined the water under a microscope and discovered unusual bacteria and traces of organic matter.

By a lucky chance, the bottler had just bought water treatment equipment which had not yet been installed. The technician called a plumber and electricians, and supervised its installation. Working all night Thursday, late Friday and all day Saturday, they had the plant working by Sunday. When the first bottles came off the line, scum and foaming had disappeared.

On one occasion when a city's water supply was contaminated, the local Coca-Cola bottling plant supplied treated water for the whole city.

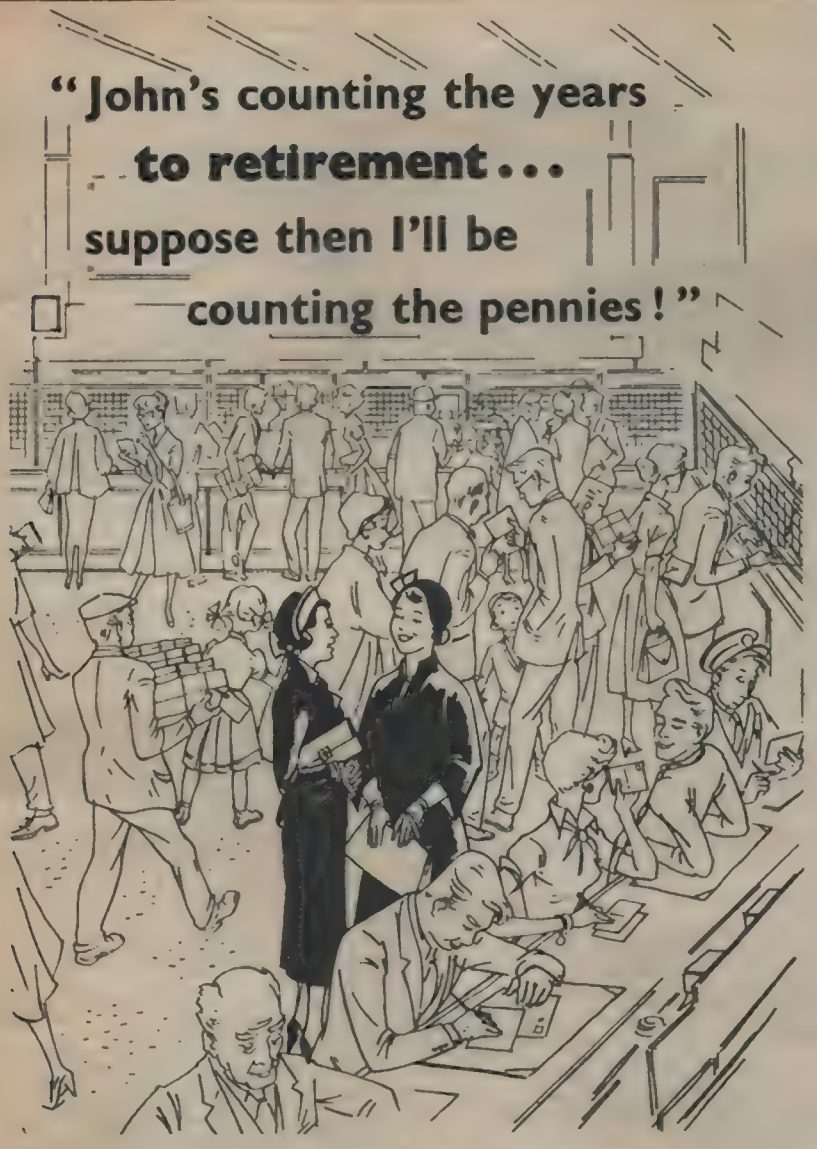
Above the water treatment plant at Norwich is the bottling room. Here mechanically washed bottles are filled with syrup and carbonated water. Besides daily tests of the syrup and carbonated water, bottles are picked out every week at random and sent to the brewery laboratory to make sure they are sterile. Every month, samples are sent to Coca-Cola headquarters in London, together with three bottles taken haphazardly off the production line and two more taken from retailers. Once a year, similar samples are sent direct to the Coca-Cola laboratories in America.

Backyard Invention

Coca-Cola was invented in May, 1886, by a Georgia chemist called John S. Pemberton, who created the first barrel of syrup in the backyard of his two storeyed red-brick house. His next problem was what to call it. His friend and book-keeper, F. M. Robinson, asked: "What's in it?" Pemberton told him that the formula included extracts from cocoa leaves and cola nuts. Robinson suggested "Coca-Cola." His writing of the words in a bold, flowing hand was the prototype of the present trade-mark.

During the first year, Pemberton sold twenty-five gallons of his syrup for fifty dollars. He spent forty-six of them on advertising.

But Pemberton and his drink sickened. During one of the recurrent financial crises, Asa G. Candler, a wholesale druggist who had enjoyed Coca-Cola at Jacob's, bought a third share in the business. When Pemberton died in 1888, Candler added to his holdings until, in 1891, he was sole owner for a total investment of £360. He then sold his wholesale drug business



But you can enjoy an extra income, that's income tax free!

Retirement should be a time of great content, but it can also be a time of anxiety if you lack the financial resources to really enjoy it! True, there is always the State Pension or perhaps superannuation, but these amounts may not be sufficient for emergencies, or those extra comforts. Why not make sure of an additional income when you retire by saving through National Savings Certificates?

In this way you will not only build up capital for the future, but also have a generous income *tax free*. For instance, a holding of £525 i.e. 700 Certificates (9th Issue) bought over a period, will bring you in up to 30/- a month or £18.7s.6d per annum *tax free*.

(By the way, you can now hold up to 1,000 Certificates).

This and many other suggestions for providing for your future on your present budget are given in the folder "Savings for Retirement." Retirement may seem a long way off, but the time to plan for it is now — *so post the form below today!*

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Please send me a FREE copy of 'SAVINGS FOR RETIREMENT'

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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Issued by the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.7

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There's a HALEX toothbrush to please everyone. All shapes and sizes. Pure bristle or nylon. Soft, medium or hard. One for the heavy smoker, one for the children or one that will softly and safely massage the gums. But whichever one you buy, you buy a toothbrush of quality: *a Halex stays springy longer.*

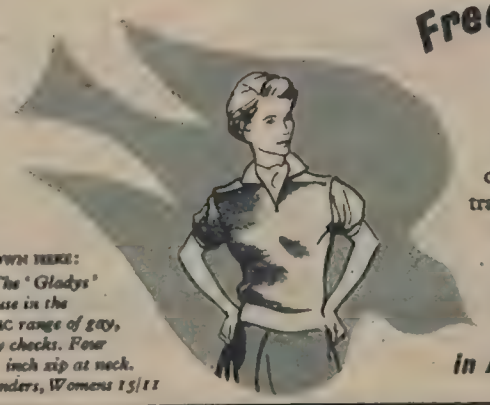
The Halex '260'
Like all Halex nylon brushes, the '260' is 'rondated' to give your teeth the smoothest brushing. Bubble packed for hygiene.
The price — only **1/6d.**

The Halex '5-Star'
This is the Halex for those who want a truly luxury toothbrush. The super-nylon tufts, of course, are 'rondated'. In a handy transparent container.
Price **2/3d.** *In bristle* **2/6d.**

HALEX Rondated TOOTHBRUSHES

And remember that Halex also make fine hairbrushes, combs . . . and every kind of toilet ware.

Free as a bird in AERTEX



SHOWN HERE: *The 'Gladys' blouse in the* MC *range of gay, tiny checks. Four inch zip at neck. Sizes, Women's 15/11*

Birds don't care about heat or cold; they're insulated by air trapped in their feathers. In cellular Aertex *you* can be air-insulated in just the same way — free as a bird from weather bother.

You're air-conditioned in AERTEX all year round

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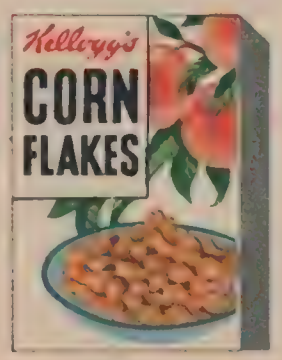
ALL KELLOGG'S CEREALS ARE GOOD TO EAT, ANY TIME!

MORE PEOPLE LIKE *Kellogg's* MOST



What a wonderful way to begin a June day! Breakfast with a bowlful of luscious, crispy, *sunshiny* Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar, and you feel ready for anything! Make sure you have a packet of these tempting heart-of-the-corn, *deep* toasted, ready-to-serve flakes in your home *all the year round*. Just see how the whole family enjoys them!

and devoted all his time to expanding Coca-Cola. In 1892, he formed the Coca-Cola Company in Georgia with an authorized capital stock of £22,300. By 1895, Coca-Cola was being sold in every state of the union.

From the first, Candler shared Pemberton's faith in advertising. By 1913, Candler was distributing each year millions of fans, trays, matchbooks, blotters, score-cards and paper napkins—all bearing the Coca-Cola trade mark. He also gave away millions of vouchers which could be exchanged for a free Coca-Cola at the nearest soda fountain. In 1911, the annual advertising budget first passed a million dollars.

Million Dollar Idea

One day in 1899, two young Chattanoogans named Benjamin F. Thomas and Joseph B. Whitehead called on Asa Candler and made the suggestion which, after advertising, has been mainly responsible for Coca-Cola's success. "Can we put it in bottles?" they asked.

Candler was currently busy with the soda fountain trade. Provided they put their own money into the bottling plants, he said they could bottle Coca-Cola in all parts of the United States except Mississippi and New England which were already tied up. On July 21, 1899, the concession was written—in perpetuity—into a contract. Without paying a penny, Thomas and Whitehead, with little capital and no bottling experience, had obtained rights worth millions.

The partners soon realized, however, that they had neither the money nor the time to develop their vast territories personally. They decided instead to search for local businessmen who would bottle and sell Coca-Cola in their own districts on a sub-franchise. Today, there are 1,100 local bottling plants in the U.S.A.

Money put into the early plants founded many family fortunes. The part owner of a North Carolina company gave his two little nieces a share each. Today, each niece draws over £1,000 a year in dividends. In Indiana, a bottler paid off the lawyer who had drawn up his papers with a single share. The lawyer later sold that share for nearly £20,000.

Best-known Bottle

The bottle which Coca-Cola claims has become the world's best-known package was introduced in 1917. Often it has been likened to the silhouette of a hobble-skirted woman of the first World War period. In fact, it was modelled on a cola nut.

Throughout the world, the thousands of millions of Coca-Cola bottles differ only in their colour—some are clear, others are "Georgia" green—and in the language of the trade mark embossed on their side. It may be in English, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese or Siamese. In 1900, only one Coke in a hundred was bottled. Today, only twenty in a hundred are sold at the soda fountain.

While Thomas and Whitehead bottled Coca-Cola, Candler devoted all his attention to selling the syrup. By 1904, plants in U.S.A., Canada and even Cuba were manufacturing a combined total of a million gallons of syrup a year. Five years later, the drink was being sold in Bermuda, British Honduras, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, England, Ireland, Panama and Porto Rico. By 1914, it was also on sale in Alaska, Australia, France, Siam, Samoa, China, Guam, Holland, Hawaii, Japan, Borneo, the Philippines and New Zealand.

In 1919, Candler decided to sell the Coca-Cola Company. A hardworking man with a flair for organization, he had always been more interested in soda-fountain sales, and his failure to appreciate the potentialities of bottle sales led him to sell out to a group of Georgia capitalists at what many considered too low a price—around £5 million. Later, the company made that much profit in a single year.

The new owners reorganized the company, and in 1923 appointed as president Robert Woodruff, a thirty-three year old Atlantan who had made his name as a brilliant salesman. Later, he was appointed chairman.

Under Woodruff, Coca-Cola grew far beyond anything envisaged by Candler. In his first seven years he raised sales from £5 million to more than £7 million. At the same time, profits rose from £1,036,800 to £2,680,000.

A share bought for $40 in 1919 is now worth $1,065 and will have earned $962.25 in dividends. For the year ended December 31, 1953, the company made a profit after taxes of more than £10 million. Today its stock is worth £225 million.

However good the product, Woodruff, who retired a few months ago, knew it still needed selling. Believing that the techniques which have been so successful in America can hardly be bettered, he has standardized them throughout the world. The moment he has been judged suitable for the ownership of a Coca-Cola bottling franchise, every bottler is helped by fieldmen who have been thoroughly indoctrinated in every aspect of the business.

To every divisional headquarters in the world, Frank Harrold, Coca-Cola's export sales promotion chief, has sent a "treasure-chest," a large box filled with instruction books, film strips, gramophone records and teaching aids. These are the fieldman's stock-in-trade. They define his every action.

To address a meeting of salesmen, a fieldman must . . . "Call meeting to order. If wives are present you will wish to make an appropriate recognition of that fact. Have a large calendar hanging prominently in the front of the room. Step to calendar.

"This is no ordinary day, men. No sir. (Use red crayon and draw large circle around the date.)

"This is a red-letter day. It's the start of a carefully planned programme which is going to affect the lives and pocketbooks of everyone in this room. . . . Let's stop and think for a moment about happiness. (Pause.) *That's right. I said happiness. . . . Sometimes you wonder what it is that makes you feel so good. It seems to me one of the things that makes a man feel best is making someone else happy . . . doing something that brings a smile or a shout of pleasure to someone else's lips."*

There follows a minutely detailed list of do's and don'ts guaranteed to make and keep happy every possible kind of prospect from Capetown to Hongkong.

Although Coca-Cola was sold in London as early as 1900, it was 1907 before the company made regular shipments of syrup for use in soda fountains. Since then, the drink has been continuously on sale in England. In 1932, bottling began at Brighton.

Between 1935 and 1939, the Coca-Cola Company intensified its sales drive and bottling plants opened in Southampton, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool and Glasgow. Then came the war. The government refused to allow sugar for civilian drinks, and Coca-Cola refused to use saccharine.

In 1952, anticipating the end of sugar rationing, nine companies, most of them breweries, took on the bottling rights of Coca-Cola in Britain. In November, Delecta started a pilot bottling line for the U.S. military forces in the area. Later, they extended their sales to British Servicemen. In April, 1953, they appointed as sales manager George Ainsworth, a brisk, friendly, down-to-earth Liverpudlian, who had formerly travelled in patent medicines.

Show-card Tactics

After spending a week sizing up his territory, Ainsworth started calling on a list of two hundred prospects. With him he took Roy Smart, a former improver in a factory of heating engineers, who, impressed by what Coca-Cola had done in Egypt, applied for a job as soon as he heard that Delecta had taken on the licence. "We walked into a shop with a bottle in one hand and a show-card in the other," says Ainsworth.

Since then, he has persistently cultivated his territory, a stretch of land a hundred miles long and sixty miles wide, reaching from the Wash to the border of Essex, and from Cambridge to the coast. "Our trouble is," he says, "that we're short of chimney pots. The total population is only 1,200,000." Already he has two driver-salesmen at Norwich, two at King's Lynn, one each at Lowestoft, Ipswich and Colchester, and two based on Norwich who supply the U.S. bases and British Army and R.A.F. camps in the area. He has also a long-distance driver. Next year, he hopes to have a second man in Ipswich, and a third in Norwich.

From time to time, Ainsworth has arranged tours round the bottling-plant for church, R.A.F. and school parties. To get at the teenagers, whom the Coca-Cola Company regards as its best customers, he and a fieldman from headquarters in London went to youth clubs every night for a week, showing films and giving out free samples. They have also held samplings at dance halls.

Crowd Raided Lorry

Smart was responsible for an unexpected sampling when he drove his lorry, suitably decorated, in Norwich's Coronation parade. Suddenly, a child darted from the crowd and snatched a bottle from one of the cases on the back. More followed, and soon his lorry was surrounded by scores of children stealing free drinks. "I had to get out to keep them off," he recalls. "The police helped me, but we lost thirty-nine dozen altogether."

Married, with a fifteen-months-old baby, Smart lives in a cottage in a village just outside Norwich. He earns £7 a week plus a commission of a penny a case. He is not paid overtime.

Most weekends he joins Ainsworth and the other salesmen in selling Coca-Cola at local outdoor events. Wearing white overalls, they have set up their stalls at Yarmouth races, Griston motor-cycle scramble, Sculthorpe air base open day, a British Legion fête at Cromer, Attleborough Carnival and the Walsingham Pilgrimage.

The fastest selling he remembers was at Snetterton motor races where there was a crowd of 30,000. Between 1 p.m. and 5.30 p.m., six of them armed with tea-cloths and ice-boxes sold 350 cases. In one twenty-minute period Smart himself sold nineteen cases, almost two bottles every five seconds.

"It took me all my time to take off the tops," he says. "Afterwards, we all retired to the local for a sandwich and a pint of beer." THE END

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

PADDY was a pigeon fancier with a dozen homing pigeons that he used for racing. Each day he released them for exercise; they usually stayed away for twenty minutes and occasionally lingered to feed from a farmer's crops before returning to their loft.

One day, Paddy's pigeons alighted on Mr. Barrel's vegetable patch and began to eat his cabbages. Barrel was an ardent gardener and had frequently been annoyed by the damage done to his vegetables by pigeons and other birds.

When he saw Paddy's pigeons, Barrel seized his shot gun and opened fire. Eight of Paddy's birds were killed, leaving only four to return to their loft.

Eventually, Paddy traced Barrel and sued him for £150, the value of the dead birds.

"This case is absurd," said Barrel in court. "I'm proud of my vegetable patch and I was perfectly entitled to protect it.

"This was not the first time I have had trouble from pigeons; admittedly the value of the birds surprised me—I thought that they were ordinary wild pigeons and acted accordingly.

"But I cannot be expected to stand by while my crops are eaten; in any case, the birds must have been hungry, otherwise they would not have landed in my garden. Paddy should have fed them properly."

"It was unreasonable of Barrel to rush out and start shooting," Paddy replied.

"He could have taken less violent steps to guard his vegetables.

"If he had stopped to think, he would have realized that the birds might be valuable and that he ought to use a less drastic method to frighten them away from his garden."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 58

INDIGESTION AS SHE IS RELIEVED

In the stomach I have the pain

—but in the purse I have the Rennies.

In no time at all,

I have the Rennies in the stomach

and the pain "in the bag"

—as you say.

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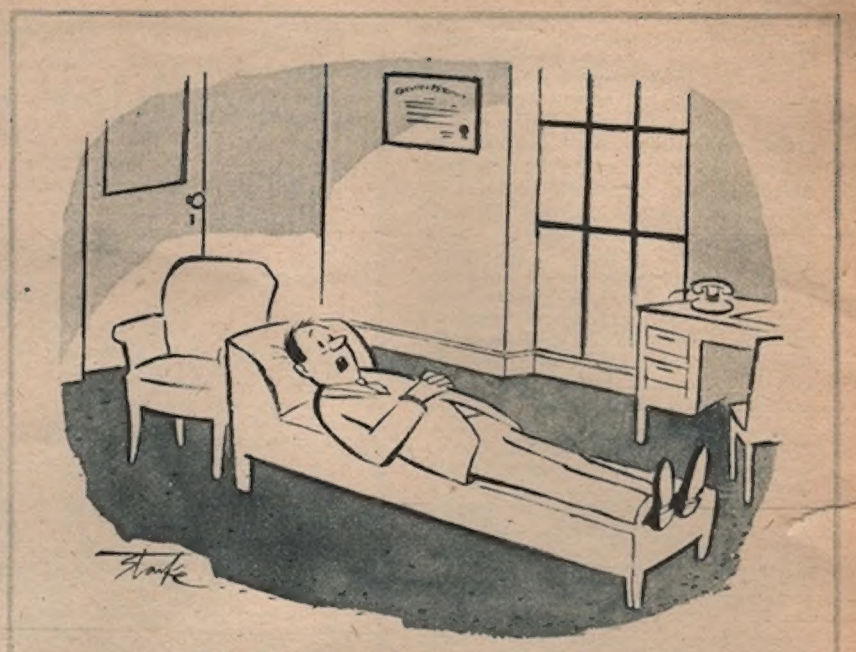

"Another disturbing symptom, doctor, is the way people tend to avoid me"

CAPTAIN HARDING'S AIRLIFT RACES THE CLOCK

Continued from page 29

into a brightly coloured strip eight yards long.

This "snorter," which he claims is one of the finest in existence, began with a Brazilian dollar bill dated January 19, 1947, which commemorates his first Atlantic crossing. He ferried a brand new eight-seater Dove from Bathurst, West Africa, across the South Atlantic to Natal, Brazil.

"I had strict instructions to deliver the plane in perfect condition," he says. "It was a calm night until we reached the South American coast. I flew into a cumulus cloud which looked harmless enough, but a mass of seething air was hidden inside it."

When the Dove hit the turbulence it plunged two hundred feet. Harding, who had not bothered to strap himself in, was pressed against the cockpit roof for several seconds before he regained the controls. The carefully spruced cabin was wrecked. Chairs were thrown into a heap and some flasks of pineapple juice spattered their contents over the crew.

Hawk Broke Window

Other surprise hazards which Harding has encountered were a swarm of locusts, which rattled against his plane like bullets and threatened to choke the air intakes, and, more recently, a high-flying hawk which shattered the cockpit window.

Married, with two daughters aged nine and fifteen, Harding lives at Sandhurst, near Blackbushe. His father was a colour-sergeant in the Royal Marines and intended him to join the navy, but he sat in secret for an R.A.F. entrance examination while still at school. He served an apprenticeship at Halton and later qualified as an air gunner and pilot.

In 1944 he was awarded the D.S.O. and D.F.C. after a hundred sorties as a Pathfinder, leading bomber raids and dropping marker flares over Ruhr factories and marshalling yards. Released from the R.A.F. two years later, he took out a civil pilot's licence—for which he must pass a medical test every six months—and joined his present firm at a salary, agreed with the British Airline Pilots' Association, of about £1,800 a year, plus allowances for stops overseas.

To begin with, the freight which he carried was either very small, such as precious stones, or very urgent, such as medical supplies or spare parts for broken machinery. Now that air charges are closely in line with ordinary surface freight costs, his cargoes often include newspapers, biscuits, pottery and ready-made suits.

On occasions, Harding has exercised his right to refuse loads which might be troublesome or too heavy. He found it particularly hard to make decisions of this kind during the riots at the partitioning of India, when he evacuated Moslem refugees to Pakistan, and Hindus from Pakistan to India.

"As I landed to pick them up, they appeared from behind bushes at the fringe of the airfield, desperately frightened and carrying huge bundles of bedding and other possessions." He had to tell them there was little room for luggage. All that some of them could take were boxes of jewellery.

His passengers with the most pressing reason for arriving promptly were a Viking-load of pilgrims, whom he was taking from Mombasa in Kenya to Jedda, the airport for Mecca. They had to reach the Holy City before a certain date, or the gates would be closed to them.

The trip was uneventful as far as the Gulf of Aden, but then the starboard engine began to vibrate. He feathered the propeller, and, deciding not to risk a flight over shark-infested sea on the remaining engine, made an emergency landing on a desert airstrip in British Somaliland.

The temperature was 120 degrees, and the twenty-seven pilgrims, who had to be crowded into one room of a dingy hotel, grew more anxious as six days passed with no news from the outside world, and their hopes of getting to Mecca in time diminished.

They could not understand why the engine should have gone wrong, so Harding explained that it was like a donkey; it worked for a year and was ill for a week. The analogy produced near-panic, however; the interpreter translated that it worked for a week and was ill for a year.

With relief, Harding watched the arrival of another Viking of his firm's fleet, which took the pilgrims to Mecca before the gates closed. Soon he was back in Britain. Then he went to India, to pick up a rich maharajah and fly him to Switzerland for a rest cure.

"I'm a taxi driver," he says, "with the difference that piloting a plane is less dangerous than cruising round the streets."

THE END

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 57, the judge said that Barrel had not proved that shooting was the only practicable means of getting rid of Paddy's pigeons. His garden was not large, and he could have chased them away, or even fired a warning shot. Under the circumstances, it was not reasonable to have shot the birds out of hand. Paddy won his case. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated July 9 and in JOHN BULL dated July 16), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 2, for early news of No. 1,992 result.)

POST BY MON., JUNE 20

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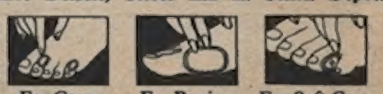

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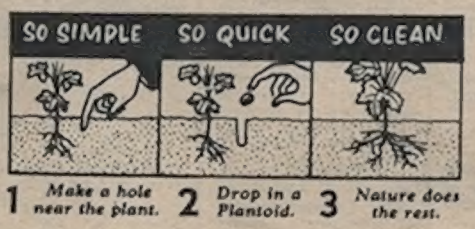

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